Heaven Can Wait

"B I R T H D A Y"

F i n a l Script
December 14, 1942

"B I R T H D A Y"

FADE IN

1 EXT. IN FRONT OF SWANKY NEW YORK FUNERAL PARLOR - LONG SHOT - EARLY AFTERNOON - LIGHT DRIZZLING RAIN

A small crowd has gathered in front of the Funeral Parlor to witness the people who are going to attend what is apparently a rich man's funeral. Swanky limousines draw up in front of the Parlor.

We HEAR organ music from inside. As the CAMERA MOVES UP to the doors of the funeral parlor -

DISSOLVE:

2 INSERT - NEW YORK TIMES

A large picture of a charming old gentleman, about seventy years old. The caption reads: "Henry Van Cleve Funeral Held Today."

DISSOLVE:

3 HIS EXCELLENCY'S WAITING ROOM - CLOSE SHOT (LEANING AGAINST THE WALL) - OF THE DECEASED HENRY VAN CLEVE

dressed exactly as in the insert. He is looking at his own obituary in the Times.

4 CLOSE SHOT AT THE DOOR TO HIS EXCELLENCY'S OFFICE (DAY)

Engraved on the door, we read: "His Excellency." Next to the door is a desk with a secretary. The door opens- an attendant comes out of the office. We PAN with him as he walks over to Henry. As we PAN along the CAMERA DISCLOSES the waiting room - a modern conception of anteroom in the Lower Regions - no chairs. The anteroom is crowded with people of all types. Attendant whispers in Henry's ear. Henry walks over to the door of His Excellency's office and goes in.

5 INTERIOR - EXCELLENCY'S OFFICE - LONG SHOT

Extreme elegance. HIS EXCELLENCY, a short, stocky man with a little paunch, dressed in striped trousers and black coat - a big diamond ring on his finger and a pearl in his cravat. The moment Henry enters, His Excellency steps from behind the desk and we see that he is limping slightly, due to a clubfoot. He is extremely courteous.

(CONTINUED)

5 (Cont.)

EXCELLENCY
How do you do, Mr. Van Cleve.

HENRY
Good afternoon, Your Excellency. It's very kind of you to receive me.

EXCELLENCY
Not at all. Please sit down.

HENRY
Thank you.

6 CLOSE SHOT - EXCELLENCY AND HENRY AT DESK

Both sit down - CAMERA MOVES CLOSE TO THEM

EXCELLENCY
I hope you will forgive me, but we're so busy down here - really, sometimes it looks as if the whole world is coming to hell. Frankly, I haven't had an opportunity to familiarize myself with your case... When did it happen, Mr. Van Cleve?

HENRY
Tuesday. To be exact, I died at 9:36 in the evening.

EXCELLENCY
(sympathetically)
I trust you didn't suffer much.

HENRY
(as if he were talking about a most charming affair)
No - not in the least. I had finished my dinner --

EXCELLENCY
A good one, I hope.

HENRY
Excellent. I ate everything the doctor forbade, and then - well, to make a long story short, shall we say I fell asleep without realizing it. And when I woke up, all my relatives were there - speaking in low tones, saying nothing but the kindest things about me. Then I knew I was dead.

(CONTINUED)

6 (Cont.)

EXCELLENCY
I hope your funeral was satisfactory?

HENRY
Well, there was a lot of crying, so I believe everybody had a good time. It would have been an ideal funeral if Mrs. Cooper-Cooper, a friend of the family, hadn't volunteered to sing "The End of a Perfect Day." You see all my life I have succeeded in avoiding Mrs. Cooper-Cooper's coloratura, and this undoubtedly was her revenge.

EXCELLENCY
Mr. Van Cleve, I can see you have a sensitive, cultivated ear --

HENRY
Thank you.

EXCELLENCY
(getting up - his voice becomes a little threatening)
Then let me warn you - the music down here is anything but pleasant. Beethoven, Brahms and Mozart - you hear them only above.

HENRY
(getting up - rather sadly)
I know... It won't be easy never to hear the old masters again. And -
(with real feeling - pointing towards heaven)
there are several people up there I would love to see, particularly one - a very dear one. But I haven't a chance.

EXCELLENCY
Have you tried?

HENRY
No, Your Excellency. I have no illusions - I know the life I lived. I know where I belong.
(trying to hold back his emotion)
I would like to get it over as quickly as possible.

(CONTINUED)

6 (Cont.1)

EXCELLENCY
Very well - if you meet our requirements, we will be only too glad to accommodate you. Would you be kind enough to mention, for instance, some outstanding crime you've committed?

HENRY
Crime - crime.... Well, I'm afraid I can't think of any. But I can safely say that my whole life has been one continuous misdemeanor.

EXCELLENCY
My dear Mr. Van Cleve, a passport to hell is not issued on generalities.
(he goes back to the desk)
I'm afraid you'll have to wait till I have time to study your records.

7 CLOSE SHOT - HENRY

CAMERA PANS with him as he walks over to the desk.

HENRY
But, Your Excellency - if you'll only give me five minutes.

Suddenly both men look up as we hear from the outside a woman's voice.

MRS. CRAIG'S VOICE
(o.s.)
Now see here, I have to see His Excellency and no office boy's going to stop me.

8 MED. SHOT - AT DOOR

Mrs. Craig pushes the secretary away and forces herself into the office. She is a woman of about sixty - very flashily dressed and bejeweled. Her makeup and her general appearance refuse to take recognizance of her age. She goes toward the desk.

MRS. CRAIG
I beg your pardon, You Excellency --

EXCELLENCY
Just a moment --

(CONTINUED)

8 (Cont.)

MRS. CRAIG
I'm Mrs. Edna Craig.

EXCELLENCY
Oh, yes. I have your record here. You'll be taken care of in just a moment.

MRS. CRAIG
(not even the devil can stop her)
That's exactly what I want to see you about - my record. It just occurred to me there's one little point which would make all the difference in the world. Whatever I did, remember I had a lame sister to take care of --
(to Henry)
I guess I'm just a sentimental family girl.
(to Excellency)
No, really, I don't want to seem rude - but I don't think I belong here. Don't misunderstand me, I think it's a charming place.
(to Henry)
Isn't it?
(suddenly recognizing him)
Henry Van Cleve!

EXCELLENCY
(steps between them - rather delighted and with anticipation)
You know Edna Craig?

HENRY
(with the extreme politeness of a man of the world)
I'm sorry, Madame - but I seem to be at a loss.

MRS. CRAIG
Henry! Think back - many, many years. The little brownstone house around the corner from the old Waldorf?

HENRY
(catching on)
Marmaduke Harrison's party - we were all dressed as children.

(CONTINUED)

8 (Cont.1)

MRS. CRAIG
And you came as Little Lord Fauntleroy.

HENRY
(enjoying the memory)
And they wheeled you in a baby carriage - Little Constantinople!

MRS. CRAIG
That's what they called me.

HENRY
And after the party I pushed that baby carriage down Fifth Avenue --

MRS. CRAIG
Right up to the desk of the Waldorf.

HENRY
And the Manager said, "You kiddies can't get a room here - you'd better go home." And we did.

MRS. CRAIG
(to Henry - with a kind of nostalgic feeling)
Oh, Henry!

HENRY
No girl in New York walked on two more beautiful legs than you. Little Constantinople!

MRS. CRAIG
(too coquettish for her age)
Well, Henry, I still walk - and on the same legs.

HENRY
(always the cavalier)
And I'm sure they are still beautiful.

MRS. CRAIG
(kittenishly)
Tee-hee! Tee-hee! I'll let you be the judge, Henry.
(she starts to lift her skirt slowly)

9 CLOSE SHOT - EXCELLENCY

As Mrs. Craig starts to lift her skirt, His Excellency leans over the desk in order to see for himself. He does not seem any too delighted with what he sees -

10 INSERT: - BUTTON UNDERNEATH THE DESK

His Excellency's hand comes in and pushes the button.

11 MED. SHOT - GROUP

A trap door in front of the desk opens and Mrs. Craig, screaming, disappears through the floor and falls down into hell.

As soon as the trap door opens, we hear hellish SOUNDS and noises from below.

The trap door closes. Henry is stunned for a moment as he gets his first taste of hell.

EXCELLENCY
(very smooth and comfortingly)
Those things are better left to memory. But I must admit you're beginning to interest me. I think I can spare the time to listen to your story. Sit down, Mr. Van Cleve.

CAMERA PANS with them as both walk over to the couch and sit down.

12 CLOSE SHOT - HENRY AND EXCELLENCY

HENRY
Perhaps the best way to tell you the story of my life is to tell you about the women in my life. Well, let's start with the first woman - my mother -

DISSOLVE:

13 A FASHIONABLE NEW YORK FIFTH AVENUE HOME - 1872 - INTERIOR - HENRY'S NURSERY

The mother, a typical little society lady of that period, enters the room - she goes to the cradle and takes Henry into her arms, looking at him with all the love of a doting mother.

During that scene, Henry's voice -

HENRY'S VOICE
-- a lovely lady, but prejudiced.

14 CLOSEUP OF HENRY AS A BABY

HENRY'S VOICE
I was bald and looked like a boiled lobster -

15 CLOSEUP - HENRY AND MOTHER

The mother - giving him the sweetest smile.

HENRY'S VOICE
But she thought I was wonderful. She was the first woman I ever fooled. Then there was my Grandmother - she was just as prejudiced as my mother.

16 CLOSE SHOT - AT DOOR

Grandmother enters - she walks over to mother and Henry, also looking adoringly at the baby. Both women jabber baby talk.

GRANDMOTHER
How is the little darling? Let me hold him.

BERTHA
Please, Mother Van Cleve - let the baby rest.

GRANDMOTHER
You're just jealous, Bertha.

BERTHA
I can't stand this any longer -

She puts Henry back into the cradle. CAMERA PANS with her as she starts for the door, followed by grandmother.

BERTHA
I'm going to talk to Randolph about this --

GRANDMOTHER
Yes, Randolph - first you take my son away and now you want to alienate my grandchild.

Both women exit - grandmother closing the door behind her.

17 CLOSEUP OF HENRY IN CRADLE

HENRY'S VOICE
My diapers needed changing, and already women were fighting for me. What a way to start a man on the road of life...

DISSOLVE:

18 EXT. CENTRAL PARK - NEW YORK - 1874 - NURSE AND HENRY

A NURSE is pushing Henry in a carriage - the kind that was used at that period for children of his age.

HENRY'S VOICE
At the age of two, I got involved in a triangle. At home, in the presence of my family, I was the only man in my nurse's life - I was her honeybunch, her oogi-woogie-woo. But the minute we got to the park --

Big Irish Cop comes along.

COP
Hello, Bedelia!

NURSE
Well, if it isn't Patrick himself!

She turns to Pat - both sit down on the bench, paying no attention to the baby. Baby starts crying.

NURSE
Shut up, you nasty little brat!

Henry is crying louder.

19 CLOSE SHOT OF THE CRYING HENRY - IN BABY CARRIAGE

HENRY'S VOICE
There I was lying helplessly on my back, while before my very eyes Bedelia was betraying me with an Irish cop. No wonder I became a cynic!

DISSOLVE:

20 INT. CLASSROOM - FASHIONABLE BOYS' SCHOOL

HENRY'S VOICE
My next lesson came from Miss Chivers --

Miss Chivers, a ruler in her hand, is addressing her pupils. It is now the year 1880 - which makes Henry and the rest of the boys about eight years old. One of the seats is vacant - due to the fact that Henry is absent.

MISS CHIVERS
(brandishing ruler)
How many times shall I tell you - heads up, chins in -

(CONTINUED)

20 (Cont.)

The door opens and Henry enters. He stops close to the door, scared.

MISS CHIVERS
Henry Van Cleve! Late again!
What is your excuse now?

Henry hands her an envelope. Miss Chivers opens it - takes out a note and starts to read.

21 CLOSEUP - HENRY

Something must be wrong with the letter - else he wouldn't look so scared.

22 CLOSEUP - MISS CHIVERS

still reading letter.

23 INSERT OF LETTER

It is the stationery of Henry's father, but it is unmistakably written by Henry himself as the childish handwriting and the misspelling of several words plainly indicate.

"Dere Miss Chivers:

My dere little Henry was verry sick so please excuse. Thank you for not beeing mean to him.

Yours truly,

Randolph Van Cleve
(Henry's father)"

24 CLOSE SHOT - HENRY AND MISS CHIVERS

MISS CHIVERS
(menacingly)
Did your father write this?

HENRY
(knowing that he has been found out, he takes off his coat - leans over chair)
I knew I wouldn't get away with it.

He looks at Miss Chivers - smiling sweetly.

MISS CHIVERS
(smiling - motions to Henry)
Come here, Henry. You may sit down - but never let it happen again.

(CONTINUED)

24 (Cont.)

HENRY
(with a most ingratiating smile)
Thank you, Miss Chivers!

CAMERA PANS with Henry - and as he walks to his seat, we hear -

HENRY'S VOICE
That made me realize women love men who lean over a chair and say, "I did it."

DISSOLVE:

25 EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY

It is now 1881. Henry is now nine years old. Mary, a guileful little girl of about nine is pushing a doll carriage in the park. Henry stops her.

HENRY'S VOICE
Then there was little Mary --

HENRY
Hello, Mary.

MARY
Don't talk to me, Henry Van Cleve. You're a bad boy and my mother says I shouldn't talk to bad boys.

HENRY
I bet you don't know what I have in this box.

MARY
And I'm not interested, Henry Van Cleve.

HENRY
Then I won't tell you that it's a beetle.

MARY
(already showing the makings of a gold-digger)
A beetle!

Henry opens the box which he carries in his hand.

HENRY
You like it?

(CONTINUED)

25 (Cont.)

MARY
(with a gleam in her eye)
Who doesn't like beetles! You know I never had a beetle that was all my own.

HENRY
It's yours.

MARY
Thank you - thank you, Henry.

They walk along.

MARY
(already putting on the usual feminine art)
I wonder if I should take it, Henry.

HENRY
Well, if you don't want it --

MARY
I didn't mean it that way - I was just wondering.

HENRY
Don't worry - I have another one.

MARY
(with two gleams in her eye)
Another beetle!

HENRY
Uhhuh.

Now he takes out of his pocket another box and opening it shows her the other beetle.

MARY
(who knows just what she is doing)
Oh, it's beautiful! It looks rather lonely. You know what I think? I think it wants to be together with mine.

HENRY
(beginning to realize that he is being made a sucker)
You mean you want this one, too?

(CONTINUED)

25 (Cont.1)

MARY
Henry Van Cleve! Do you think I'm the kind of a girl who would take away a boy's last beetle?

HENRY
(knowing he is a sucker)
Aw, that's all right - you can have it.

MARY
Oh, thank you, Henry. Now if you want to, you can walk with me to the corner.

As they walk along -

HENRY'S VOICE
From that moment on, one thing was clear to me -- if you want to win a girl, you have to have lots of beetles.

DISSOLVE:

26 EXT. FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD OF WEALTHY HOMES REPRESENTING THE PERIOD OF 1887

What we see on the screen illustrates the images in the following comment by Henry.

I was growing rapidly and so was New York. Yes, New York was becoming cosmopolitan, and no household was considered fashionable without a French maid. So one day a Fifth Avenue Coach stopped in front of our house, and out of the coach and into my life came Mademoiselle.

27 MED. SHOT OF STAGE COACH IN FRONT OF VAN CLEVE HOME

Mademoiselle steps out of the bus, CAMERA PANS with her as she walks to the entrance of the Van Cleve home. She is an attractive French maid of about twenty-five.

DISSOLVE:

28 LIVING ROOM - VAN CLEVE HOME

A typical large living room of a conserative rich family of this period. Flogdell, the butler, showing Mademoiselle into room.

(CONTINUED)

28 (Cont.)

FLOGDELL
Mrs. Van Cleve will be here shortly.

MLLE
Zank you.

Mademoiselle standing in front of a table, notices the picture of Mr. Van Cleve.

FLOGDELL
That is Mr. Van Cleve.

MLLE
(in a very French manner)
Oh, Monsieur! Charming, charming!

FLOGDELL
(indicating grandfather's picture
This is Mr. Van Cleve's father. He lives here, too.

MLLE
(in a more Frenchy manner)
Ah, grandpa-pa! Sweet, very sweet! And who is zis darling little boy?

FLOGDELL
(points at picture of little Henry)
That is the young master - and he is not so darling.

MLLE
Bad boy?

FLOGDELL
Not good.

MLLE
Quelle combinaison. Sweet grandpa-pa, charming pa-pa -- and bad boy. Looks like perfect house pour moi.

29 BERTHA ENTERS - FLOGDELL GOES OUT

Bertha is a typical good, dull, high-bred matron of the period.

MLLE
Bonjour, Madame!

(CONTINUED)

29 (Cont.)

BERTHA
How do you do, Mademoiselle. The agency tells me you have just arrived from France and you are seeking employment in this country.

MLLE
Qui, Madame - like many French girls, I would welcome ze opportunite to intrude American home.

BERTHA
Oh, your English is too charming. I am sure you don't know exactly what you're saying.

MLLE
But Madame be assured I know exactly what I doing.

BERTHA
I'm glad to hear that! May I see your references?

Mlle hands her references.

BERTHA
Oh, they are in French!

MLLE
Yes - but Madame, believe me, toutes les references - excellentes! Here, my last employer, the Baroness Lalotte, wishes me to be such grand success in America zat I never shall have desire to return to France.

BERTHA
(trying to be cosmopolitan)
Oh, the French have such a continental way of expressing their gratitude.

MLLE
And here is reference from ze Duke de Polignac - which Duke write wiz own hands. He considers ze two years I spent in his house ze two most happy years of his life.

BERTHA
Now - what about your wages?

(CONTINUED)

29 (Cont.1)

MLLE
Wages? - Oh, de l'argent - money. Maybe in beginning twenty dollar ze month would give satisfaction.

BERTHA
Twenty dollars a month! For a personal maid -- just to take care of my things? My husband wouldn't believe it.

MLLE
If Monsieur believe twenty dollar too much for me to do sings for Madame, I can do many little sings for Monsieur, too. French maid very versatile.

BERTHA
No, I don't think Mr. Van Cleve would like that - he's very well taken care of. You see, I never went higher than fourteen dollars for a personal maid. If I could only justify the difference - let's see, is there anything you could do for grandma-ma - no, I don't think so.

MLLE
But perhaps grandpa-pa.

30 Henry, now a boy of fifteen, still in knee pants, appears in the door.

BERTHA
Come in, dear. Mlle, this is my little boy.

MLLE
Oh bonjour, mon petit!

HENRY
Hello.

BERTHA
Oh, mademoiselle, you must ask him something in French - but not too difficult.

MLLE
(in French)
Avez-vous bien travaille aujourd'hui - mon cheri?

(CONTINUED)

30 (Cont.)

HENRY
(complacently)
Huh?

BERTHA
(to Henry)
That's what I was afraid of - now be a nice boy and go. I have an idea which I want to discuss with Mademoiselle.

Henry goes out.

BERTHA
(to Mlle)
A brilliant child, but a little backward in his French. And it just occurred to me --

MLLE
(getting the whole idea)
Oh Madame, it will be pleasure talk only French to little fellow. My whole vocabulaire I make present to your babee. With me in house, in one monz I assure Madame will not recognize own son - for only twenty dollar.

BERTHA
Of course, this is six dollars more than I ever paid before, but - let's try it.

MLLE
Oh sank you, Madame.

BERTHA
If things work out, you'll find no pleasanter home than ours. I like to think of my servants as part of the family.

MLLE
Merci beaucoup, Madame.

BERTHA
Now suppose you start tomorrow at seven o'clock?

(CONTINUED)

30 (Cont.1)

MLLE
Oui, Madame. Tomorrow morning at seven o'clock I will arrive, and I will start immediately to make myself familiar. Bonjour, Madame.

BERTHA
Good afternoon, Mademoiselle.

Mademoiselle exits.

31 INT. HALL

Mlle exits from the living room and as she starts for the front door, Henry appears in the doorway of the library.

HENRY
Pssst! Hey!

Mlle stops, turns around, sees Henry, who pantomimes to her to come into the library.

32 INT. LIBRARY

Mlle enters, appearing to be very sweet.

HENRY
(grimly)
You're not going to work here - I'll see to that.

MLLE
What's the matter? Did I make little boy angry?

HENRY
Now see here - that's the last time anybody's going to call me little boy.

MLLE
(trying to make friends with him)
Oh sorry if I hurt feelings. But ma-ma ---

HENRY
Yes, ma-ma - that's the trouble - ma-ma and pa-pa and grandpa-pa and grandma-ma - it's a conspiracy to keep me in short pants. They think they own me, body and soul.

(CONTINUED)

32 (Cont.)

MLLE
Oh, my understanding for young men is perfect - your soul is bigger zan your pants. Zis is tragedy - great tragody!

HENRY
Yes, but they won't see it!

MLLE
(playing her game)
Oh, you need very warm friend - with sympathy. I will be.

HENRY
(after a moment's pause - showing off with air of great importance)
I bet you couldn't guess in a million years what I have in my pocket.

MLLE
(playing the game perfectly)
I do not know - but I am sure it is something very bad - is it?

HENRY
(takes out big black cigar)
Here.

MLLE
(pretending to be impressed)
Oh! - you smoke big black cigar?

HENRY
Sure I'm going to smoke it - any day now.

MLLE
Oh, quel courage! Now we have very bad secret togezzer.

HENRY
Oh, that's nothing! I can tell you things that would rock Fifth Avenue to its foundations.
(crosses over and closes door; comes back to Mlle)
I'm going to get married!

(CONTINUED)

32 (Cont.1)

MLLE
(genuinely astonished)
You married?

HENRY
(throws himself into an armchair)
I have to - darn it!

MLLE
Oh - zis is much worse than cigar! When did disaster take place?

HENRY
Oh, it all happened pretty suddenly. There's a girl around the corner... Oh well, you know....

MLLE
But I do not know - tell me.

HENRY
We were walking in the park - and it started raining. We climbed into a policeman's shed --

MLLE
And the policeman?

HENRY
He wasn't there. Well, anyhow, before I knew it, I lost my head - I don't know what got into me - I took her into my arms, and then --

MLLE
And zen?

HENRY
I kissed her. I may just as well face the consequences.

MLLE
(controlling her desire to laugh - realizing what a child he is)
Excuse my asking question - zis might sound very childish to grown-up young man, but have you ever consider idea of not marrying girl?

(CONTINUED)

32 (Cont.2)

HENRY
It's out of the question. It would destroy me socially. I could never go to Harvard. Why, when my father kissed my mother, she knew what he meant, and he knew she knew it.

MLLE
(sitting down on arm of the chair)
Look here, mon cheri! - in your pa-pa's time, pa-pa kiss ma-ma and then marry. But zis is 1887 - day of bicycle - ze typewriter has arrive - soon everybody speak over telephone. And people have new idea of value of kiss - what was bad yesterday is lot of fun today. There is wonderful saying now in France: "Les baisers sont comme des bonbons qu'on mange parce qu'ils sont delicieux.." Zis mean: "Kiss is like candy. You eat candy only for ze beautiful taste -- and zis is enough reason to eat candy."

HENRY
(getting up - intrigued by this)
Do you think they know that in America, too?

MLLE
(getting up)
Certainment! Today all American best home have French maid - tomorrow all American home have French ideas.

HENRY
(getting it slowly)
You mean I can kiss a girl once --

MLLE
Ten times - twenty times - and no obligation!

HENRY
Now listen, are you telling the truth - or just trying to keep your job?

MLLE
I swear by ze extra six dollar I get from Madame!

HENRY
Gosh! This is a wonderful age I'm living in!

(CONTINUED)

32 (Cont.3)

MLLE
Oui! So you don't have to worry about little girl.

HENRY
Oh, I've forgotten her already... I guess I'm pretty blase.
(gives a little laugh)
Listen, Frenchy --

MLLE
(handling the situation charmingly)
What is it, my friend?

HENRY
If that's how things are in 1887 - what do you think is going to happen in 1888?

MLLE
Ahhh - we make zat ze subject of ze first French lesson. Au revoir - Monsieur!

Mlle exits. Henry stands looking after her for a moment, then with an air of great excitement rushes out.

CUT TO:

33 INT. LIVING ROOM

Henry enters in great spirits. He walks over to writing desk where Bertha is busy.

HENRY
Mother - mother!

BERTHA
(goes on writing)
Yes, my baby?

HENRY
That girl is worth the extra six dollars!

He goes quickly out of the room as we

FADE OUT

FADE IN

34 EXT. NEW YORK STREET

TIME - a few weeks later than in previous sequence. Around the corner comes Albert, Henry's cousin, a correct young man of about 15. CAMERA PRECEDES him as he walks toward Brentano's Book Shop. During the scene we hear Henry's voice.

HENRY'S VOICE
The pride of all the Van Cleves was my cousin Albert. He was the fulfillment of a parent's dream. Always the highest in his class - never had he thrown a stone into a window - nor did he ever put a mouse in his teacher's bustle. His ears were always clean. This, I think will give you a rough idea of Albert.

35 INT. BRENTANO'S BOOK SHOP

Albert enters, walks to a counter. Behind the counter is an elderly, mild-mannered clerk.

CLERK
Good afternoon, young man.

ALBERT
(always precise in his diction)
Good afternoon.

CLERK
What can I do for you?

ALBERT
I have an interesting problem. You see, tomorrow is my cousin's birthday.

CLERK
How old will he be?

ALBERT
Fifteen.

CLERK
Oh, we have some wonderful books for young men of that age.

(CONTINUED)

35 (Cont.)

ALBERT
(like an admonishing school teacher)
Now you mustn't jump to conclusions. You see, while my cousin is fifteen, he has the mentality, I would say, of a boy of - well, let's be generous and say fourteen.

CLERK
Well, how about "The Flamingo Feather" - just published. Or -- "Tom the Bootblack."

ALBERT
No, no - nothing trashy. It must have educational ingredients, and yet it must not overtax the mind of my cousin. So you see, we really have a problem.

CLERK
(getting a little annoyed with him)
May I ask how old you are, young man?

ALBERT
This is a question which should not be answered unless the questioner states the nature of his interest. On the one hand, the questioner might have merely a superficial curiosity which confines itself to calendar years - on the other hand---

CLERK
(he has had enough by now)
Never mind - sorry I brought it up. I'll get you something.

DISSOLVE TO:

36 INT. LIVING ROOM - MED. SHOT

CAMERA MOVES to a table on which birthday presents are laid out. A bicycle is leaning against the table.

HENRY'S VOICE
And I'll never forget the morning of my fifteenth birthday. The presents were waiting for me in the living room.

37 INT. STAIRCASE

Henry's father, a middle aged man - good, dull, substantial stock of the upper class. He runs excitedly down the stairs.

HENRY'S VOICE
But suddenly father came running down the stairs, excited and breathless.

RANDOLPH
Flogdell, Flogdell!

Butler enters.

FLOGDELL
Yes, Mr. Van Cleve.

RANDOLPH
Tell Robinson to go immediately and get Doctor Macintosh. Tell him our little Henry is ill.

FLOGDELL
Yes, sir.

CAMERA PANS as Mr. Van Cleve goes upstairs. Bertha starts downstairs and they both meet in the middle of the staircase and go upstairs together.

BERTHA
(in tears)
The boy is acting so strangely. Randolph! Randolph!

RANDOLPH
(puts his arms around her)
Now, now Bertha - we must keep a stiff upper lip.

BERTHA
Oh Randolph, he's talking all the time - as if he were in a delirium.

RANDOLPH
What does the boy seem to be saying?

BERTHA
If I only knew, Randolph - he's talking French - nothing but French!

(CONTINUED)

812

37 (Cont.)

RANDOLPH
French!

BERTHA
Oh Randolph - our child delirious in a foreign language!

RANDOLPH
Now Bertha - this is an emergency. We must do everything step by step. The next move is to find out what the boy is saying. Flogdell!

CUT TO:

38 INT. LOWER HALL LITTLE DOORWAY

Flogdell comes out and looks up, answering Randolph and Bertha who are now at the head of the stairs.

FLOGDELL
Yes, sir.

RANDOLPH
Ask Mademoiselle to come up to Master Henry's room immediately.

FLOGDELL
Very good, sir.

39 UPPER HALL

Randolph and Bertha proceed toward Henry's bedroom. As they do -

BERTHA
Oh, Randolph - I wonder if I overburdened his little mind by insisting on those French lessons.

RANDOLPH
(pompously)
That might be a possibility. You wanted to justify Mademoiselle's salary.

BERTHA
I know it - I know it - I ruined my boy - for six dollars.

40 INT. HENRY'S BEDROOM

By now they have reached Henry's door and they enter. Henry in bed asleep. Grandmother is at his bedside. In the b.g. is Grandfather, a charming old man with a great sense of humor, a man in his late sixties, and who from the beginning was very skeptical of Henry's sickness.

(CONTINUED)

40 (Cont.)

GRANDMOTHER
If grandpa would only let me rub just a bit of garlic on his little chest.

GRANDFATHER
You stay away from that boy with your garlic - that boy's sick enough!

Henry hiccoughs.

BERTHA
(alarmed)
Did you hear that, Randolph? Grandma - grandpa - did you hear that?

GRANDFATHER
I'm not deaf.

GRANDMOTHER
The child is poisoned - that's what it is.

BERTHA
Oh Randolph - what shall we do - what shall we do?

RANDOLPH
(pompously)
There's only one thing to do, Bertha - keep a stiff upper lip.

GRANDMOTHER
But that won't help that poor poisoned boy.

GRANDFATHER
(as he pours a glass of water from a pitcher)
If I had my way, I'd know what to do. A big glass of cold water right in that little boy's face -- and I think he would start talking English.

GRANDMOTHER
(Grandmother stopping Grandfather from doing it)
TOGETHER Cold water! Hugo - you barbarian!

BERTHA
Cold water - on my little boy!

RANDOLPH
Now father - please!

(CONTINUED)

40 (Cont. 1)

Mlle. enters and from the way she looks, she does not seem to be feeling so very well herself.

MLLE.
Did Madame send for me?

BERTHA
Our little Henry --

MLLE.
(she sees Henry - a little worried)
Is sick?

BERTHA
Yes, Mademoiselle.

MLLE.
Excuse one moment - be back right away.

Mlle. exits.

41 INT. UPPER HALL - OUTSIDE HENRY'S BEDROOM

Mlle. comes out of the bedroom, closes the door quickly and lets out a full, good, solid hiccough. Then, apparently safe again, she goes back into the bedroom.

42 INT. HENRY'S BEDROOM

Mlle. enters.

MLLE.
Oui, Madame?

BERTHA
The poor child is asking for something in French. You must help us to find out what he wants.

MLLE.
Oui, Madame.

43 HENRY

At this moment Henry opens his eyes. Everybody looks at him in suspense. Bertha makes Mlle. sit down at Henry's bedside. When Henry sees Mlle, his face lights up with a smile.

RANDOLPH
Look - he's smiling!

(CONTINUED)

43 (Cont.)

GRANDMOTHER
He's far, far away.

BERTHA
He seems to be in another world!

GRANDMOTHER
He's looking at Mademoiselle.

BERTHA
Yes, yes - I wonder what he sees.

44 CLOSE SHOT HENRY AND MLLE.

Henry with a bright smile and rather poetic tone, starts to talk in French.

HENRY
Oh... je suis si malade.... mon estomac me fait si mal....

CUT TO:

45 WHOLE GROUP

BERTHA
Is it clear?

RANDOLPH
Does it make any sense?

MLLE
(getting up)
His French is absolutely perfect. Oh - what beautiful grammar!

RANDOLPH
Mademoiselle, at this moment we are not concerned in the young man's linguistic accomplishments --

BERTHA
Randolph! Don't be harsh!

RANDOLPH
(apologizes to MLLE)
I'm sorry if I seem to have lost my temper, but the occasion is a trying one. If you could only tell us what the child is saying, it might help us to meet the situation.

(CONTINUED)

45 (Cont.)

GRANDFATHER
(still holding the glass of water)
I say a big glass of cold water right on the child's head.

GRANDMOTHER
Hugo! Shhhh!

BERTHA
Father Van Cleve!

Henry hiccoughs again, everybody looks at him in suspense. Mlle. suddenly hiccoughs, everybody looks at Mlle.

MLLE.
(embarrassed)
Must be contagious disease.

GRANDFATHER
(still holding glass of water - to Mr. Van Cleve)
Son, step out with me for a moment.

We are still back in the bedroom. Just as Grandfather and Randolph start to come out thru the door, Albert enters.

CUT TO:

46 ALBERT

proceeds into the room at the same time Grandfather and Randolph exit.

ALBERT
Good morning, Uncle Randolph - good morning, grandfather - eh, what's going on?

GRANDMOTHER'S VOICE
Shhhh!

CUT TO:

47 INT. UPPER HALL IN FRONT OF HENRY'S BEDROOM

Grandfather and Randolph come out of the bedroom. Grandfather still has the glass of water in his hand, as he closes the door. During the following scene he places the glass of water on the table.

(CONTINUED)

47 (Cont.)

GRANDFATHER
(gradually losing his patience)
Now son - you still don't know what's the matter with that boy?

RANDOLPH
Father, I wouldn't presume to make a diagnosis - after all, I'm not a man of medicine.

GRANDFATHER
Randolph, how old are you?

RANDOLPH
What an odd question, father! I'm forty-three.

GRANDFATHER
Well, I think you're definitely old enough to be told the facts of life.

RANDOLPH
Father - what are you driving at?

GRANDFATHER
Now son, don't look at me with those big wondering eyes - it breaks my heart, but I have to shatter your childhood illusions. Randolph, my boy, there is no Santa Claus - and that child of yours --
(pauses)
Listen - don't you really know what's the matter with him?

48 UPPER HALL

Door opens, Bertha, grandmother and Mlle. come out.

GRANDMOTHER
You get out of here!

BERTHA
You disgraceful creature!

RANDOLPH
What is it, Bertha?

BERTHA
Randolph - call the police at once.

GRANDMOTHER
Yes - let's put her where she belongs!

(CONTINUED)

48 (Cont.)

GRANDFATHER
Now quiet, quiet - we don't need the police.

RANDOLPH
Bertha - mother - I would appreciate it if someone would take the trouble to tell me what this is all about.

MLLE.
Believe me, Monsieur - ze exitement is greatly exaggerate--

BERTHA
How dare you speak!

GRANDMOTHER
Have you no shame?

MLLE.
Please, grandpa-pa--

GRANDMOTHER
Don't you call him grandpa-pa--

BERTHA
Don't you dare - you outrageous person.

GRANDFATHER
Girls, girls - shut up!
(to Mlle)
Go ahead - call me grandpa-pa.

MLLE.
Merci, Monsieur - merci beaucoup - you are so kind.

GRANDFATHER
Yes, I am very kind - but you'd better go now and pack your things - and if you're not out of the house in a very short time, I'll come down to your room and help you pack.

MLLE.
(coquettishly)
I wish you would, grandpa-pa.

BERTHA
Shameless! Shameless!

GRANDMOTHER
Leave this house - go!

(CONTINUED)

48 (Cont. 1)

MLLE.
(after a little pause - giving herself an exit)
Zere is old French saying - If you are thrown out of house, you'd better resign. Au revoir!

Mlle. goes downstairs.

49 CLOSE SHOT ON REMAINING GROUP

RANDOLPH
(after a little pause)
I still would appreciate it if someone would tell me what all this has to do with our little Henry.

Albert comes out of the door.

ALBERT
Fortunately, Uncle Randolph - French always being one of my favorite subjects, I was able to understand the incredible conversation between Henry and Mademoiselle. I don't know how to begin --

GRANDFATHER
(getting fed up with Albert)
All right - Henry had a glass of wine -- we all know that!

RANDOLPH
(completely staggered)
Henry - intoxicated!

ALBERT
From what I overheard, at er about ten o'clock last night Henry and this foreign young woman slipped out of the house. Before doing this, however, Henry wrongfully took possession of his father's dress clothes, long trousers and all - including twenty dollars which Uncle Randolph was negligent enough to leave in his pocket.

BERTHA
Imagine - they went to Delmonicos!

GRANDFATHER
Did they have a good time?

(CONTINUED)

49 (Cont.)

GRANDMOTHER
They drank champagne!

BERTHA
Our little baby drank champagne!

GRANDFATHER
(trying to get rid of Albert)
Well, thank you, Albert.

ALBERT
But that's not all, grandfather. It seems, from what I could gather, that Mrs. Asterbrook, of the Asterbrooks, who was sitting at an adjoining table, resented bitterly the idea of Henry dropping a nickel into her decolletage and complaining to the management because no chocolate bar dropped out of Mrs. Asterbrook.

BERTHA
(horrified)
Mrs. Asterbrook - how shall I ever face her!

GRANDMOTHER
What a disgrace!

RANDOLPH
I'm going to teach that boy a lesson --

GRANDFATHER
Yes, that's what he needs - throwing nickels around like that. Knowing the Asterbrooks, I can tell you right now we'll never see that nickel again.

RANDOLPH
I've reached my decision - that boy's going to be spanked and severely.

Randolph goes into the room. Mother follows him -

BERTHA
Please, Randolph, don't hurt him - don't hurt him --

GRANDMOTHER
(follows the other two)
Yes - he's such a baby!

Henry's hiccoughs from inside the bedroom as the grandmother closes the door.

50 CLOSE SHOT ALBERT AND GRANDFATHER

Grandfather disliking Albert more and more.

ALBERT
(after a little pause)
Well, I assume there will be no further birthday celebration.

GRANDFATHER
I'm afraid not.

ALBERT
I believe I can utilize this time very beneficially - so I'll say goodbye.

GRANDFATHER
Goodbye, Albert. You are a real credit to the family.

ALBERT
Thank you, grandfather.

51 CAMERA PANS with ALBERT

as he goes down stairs. As soon as he reaches the lower hall, he looks for his hat and school books, which are lying on a chair right below the railing where grandfather stands. Just as Albert is about to pick up his hat and school books

CUT TO:

52 UPPER RAILING

Grandfather is leaning over the railing, looking down at Albert with a grim expression. He goes quickly back to the table where he left the glass of water and like a mischievous boy, takes the glass of water and pours the water over Albert's head.

53 LOWER HALL - CLOSEUP OF ALBERT

as the water strikes him.

54 UPPER HALL - CLOSEUP GRANDFATHER

After he has poured out the water he hides behind a chair like a mischievous little boy.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

55 LIVING ROOM - ELEVEN YEARS LATER

The furnishings in the living room are slightly altered. The birthday presents are again laid out on the table. Randolph and Bertha are pacing nervously up and down - Grandfather sits in a chair in the b.g.

HENRY'S VOICE
It was a Sunday morning - the day of my twenty-sixth birthday.

BERTHA
At least poor grandmother - may her soul rest in peace - has been spared seeing a day like this.

RANDOLPH
Now, Bertha - I would like to give you some consolation, but all I can say is - chins up!

BERTHA
Randolph, Randolph, where does the boy get it from?

RANDOLPH
I give up, Bertha. I never gambled in my life. I never got entangled with any girl until I met you.

BERTHA
(insulted)
Randolph! You call it entangled?

RANDOLPH
I mean you entangled my heart.

BERTHA
Of course, Randolph - we entangled each other's heart.

RANDOLPH
Believe me, Bertha - I never knew what a musical comedy girl looked like.

BERTHA
What can he possibly derive from their company?

RANDOLPH
To me they were creatures from another planet.

(CONTINUED)

55 (Cont.)

BERTHA
Where does the boy get it from? Nobody in our family was musical.

RANDOLPH
To this day I wouldn't know how to find the stage entrance to a theatre.

GRANDFATHER
(getting annoyed with all this nonsense)
It's always around the back. It has a sign over the door - you can't miss it.

RANDOLPH
(righteously)
But I'm not interested, Father - I never was.

BERTHA
Where does he get it from - where does the boy get it from?

RANDOLPH
(to mother)
Father built up the Van Cleve Importing Company from nothing -- when Father stopped, I carried on.
(to grandfather)
Dad, you must admit that from the day I left Harvard I earned every dollar I ever spent.

GRANDFATHER
Then why do you give him money without making him work for it?

RANDOLPH
I had to save the family name. But what about you? Handing him hundreds of dollars. If I had ever come to you for money, would you have given it to me?

GRANDFATHER
No.

RANDOLPH
But you give it to him - why - why - why?

GRANDFATHER
Because I like him.

(CONTINUED)

55 (Cont. 1)

RANDOLPH
Father, does that mean, by chance, that you didn't like me?

GRANDFATHER
Son, I love you - now shut up and leave me alone.

56 ALBERT

enters - he is now about twenty-five and has developed into everything he threatened to become when we saw him last.

ALBERT
Good morning, grandfather.

GRANDFATHER
Good morning, Albert.

ALBERT
(very briskly - bringing in a little present)
Good morning, Uncle Randolph! Good morning, Aunt Bertha!

RANDOLPH AND BERTHA
Good morning, Albert.

ALBERT
(becoming aware of the atmosphere)
Just came in to bring a little birthday remembrance for Henry... Anything wrong? Isn't he home? ...
(looks around at others)
Well, it's eleven o'clock Sunday morning, and if I know my cousin Henry, he's probably still in church.
(laughs)
I mean that humorously.

GRANDFATHER
Albert, I'm struggling successfully against the gout - I'm waging a terrific battle with my liver - and I'm holding my own against the asthma - but I doubt if I have the strength to survive your jokes. You're a successful lawyer - let it go at that. I love you, Albert.

Albert, though wounded, retains his dignity.

57 GROUP SHOT

BERTHA
(trying to bridge over the situation)
It was sweet of you to drop in so early, Albert. I hope he'll be here tonight to thank you.

ALBERT
I hope so, too - otherwise, I would be in the most embarrassing position so far as my future in-laws are concerned.

BERTHA
Oh, we are so eager to meet your fiancee. How does she like New York?

ALBERT
Well, she's only been here for two days and naturally the impression is overwhelming. I took her to the aquarium, then we rode up and down the elevator in the Flatiron Building - and naturally we ended up in Grant's Tomb.

GRANDFATHER
Naturally.

Albert reacts to the intended insult.

BERTHA
(bridging again)
And her parents -- ?

GRANDFATHER
(getting more and more vicious)
Oh yes - how does the big Kansas City butcher like New York?

RANDOLPH
Father - please!

ALBERT
(sharply)
I assume that you are referring to my future father-in-law, who happens to be one of the great meat packers of our time.

BERTHA
Yes, Father Van Cleve - don't you realize that every piece of beef we eat comes from one of Mr. Strabel's many, many plants?

(CONTINUED)

57 (Cont.)

GRANDFATHER
Does that include the steak I fought ten rounds with last night?

ALBERT
Grandfather - you don't seem to have any idea of the importance of Mr. Strabel. He created the most famous character in American advertising - Mabel, the cow.

RANDOLPH
You've seen her on billboards, Father.

BERTHA
That big, happy cow smiling at you over the fence - and saying in big letters - how does it go -- ?

ALBERT
(proudly)
To the world my name is Mabel,
Which you'll find on every label.
I am packed by E. F. Strabel,
For the pleasure of your table.

GRANDFATHER
No cow in its right mind could have said anything like that. Sounds more like Mr. Strabel.

ALBERT
(getting afraid)
Grandfather - please - I beg you - the family understands your humor, but it's a typical kind of New York humor --

GRANDFATHER
In other words - it's not for yokels.

Albert is petrified. FLOGDELL enters.

FLOGDELL
I beg your pardon - Mr. Henry has just come home. He went directly upstairs.

RANDOLPH
Thank you, Flogdell.

Flogdell exits - there is a moment's pause. Finally Randolph seems to have reached a decision - he walks out of the room like a warrior going to battle.

58 LOWER HALLWAY

in front of the door to the living room. CAMERA PANS with Randolph as he walks out of the living room - upstairs - goes into Henry's bedroom and slams the door.

59 INT. LOWER HALL - CLOSE MED. SHOT

in front of the door to the living room - Bertha comes out all excited about what might be going on in Henry's room. Looking upstairs, Albert comes out of the living room.

ALBERT
(picking up his hat)
Aunt Bertha, when you see Henry, will you tell him that as a Van Cleve I have a right to demand that he keep the shadow of scandal off our name. You see, my future in-laws are, so to speak, pioneer people --

GRANDFATHER
(clears his throat - sounds coming from the the living room)
Packed by E. F. Strabel - for the pleasure of our table --

ALBERT
(instantly stopped in his speech)
Goodbye, Aunt Bertha!
(rushes out)

Albert leaves - CAMERA PANS with Bertha as she goes up the stairs but suddenly she stops.

BERTHA
Goodbye, Albert.

60 UPPER LANDING IN FRONT OF HENRY'S BEDROOM DOOR

Randolph comes out of the room - CAMERA PANS with him as he starts down the stairs - he meets Bertha on the staircase -- he stops.

RANDOLPH
This time I was firm.

BERTHA
Good, Randolph. What happened?

RANDOLPH
He asked for a hundred dollars - I only gave him fifty.

(CONTINUED)

60 (Cont.)

BERTHA
Randolph! This is the first time in twenty-six years of marriage that I have felt like criticizing you --

RANDOLPH
Well, what do you want me to do? I can't spank a twenty-six-year-old boy!

BERTHA
No, but at least I expected a verbal lashing.

She is still determined to do her duty. She goes upstairs. CAMERA PANS with her as she goes into Henry's room.

61 INT. HENRY'S BEDROOM

Henry, who is now twenty-six years old, has developed into a charming young playboy. He is dressed in tails, just taking off his evening cape as Bertha enters. She looks at him for one second - Henry seems to be very embarrassed. Henry gives her one repentant look and all her severity vanishes.

BERTHA
Are you all right, my boy?

HENRY
Yes, Mother.

BERTHA
(kissing him)
Many happy returns!

HENRY
I'm sorry, mother, if I made you unhappy.

BERTHA
Father and Grandfather and I - we are worrying ourselves to death - but you don't give your family a single thought - all that matters to you is having what you call a good time.

HENRY
(obviously in a romantic, melancholy mood)
Mother, I went out last night to raise Cain --

(CONTINUED)

61 (Cont.)

BERTHA
Son, you mustn't talk like that!

HENRY
Don't worry, Mother, I didn't - I couldn't. I couldn't get her out of my mind.

BERTHA
Child, you bewilder me. Are you well?

HENRY
(very romantically)
Mother, when you saw Father for the first time, did you feel that unmistakable something - did you feel an electric spark from your head to your toes that swept over you like a hurricane - and lifted you off the ground but you bounced up again and floated right over the tree-tops?

BERTHA
(bewildered - shocked)
Spark! Hurricane! Heaven forbid, I never had such a feeling. Oh, Henry, where do you get it from? Not from me - and your father certainly never had any spark!

HENRY
Mother, all I'm trying to say is - I met a girl yesterday --

BERTHA
Oh! Well, I hope she's from a good family.

HENRY
I don't know - and, frankly, I don't care.
(getting very romantic again)
Mother, if one sees a lovely rose --

BERTHA
(like a school mistress)
One can be certain that she comes from a fine rosebush.

HENRY
(gently losing his patience)
Mother, even if this girl's father turned out to be something of a buttercup, I wouldn't care.

(CONTINUED)

61 (Cont. 1)

BERTHA
(no understanding
of her son's
romantic mood)
Well, what's her name - where does she live?

HENRY
I wish I knew.

BERTHA
(suspiciously)
Is she one of those musical comedy -- ?

HENRY
No - this time it's entirely different music. It's not hootchy-kootchy - it's not the can-can - it's like a waltz by Strauss - like a minuet by Mozart.

BERTHA
(bewildered)
Son, where do you get it from?

HENRY
From you, Mother. Now you must be just. When I was a little boy, you wanted me to believe in fairy tales, and now when one really happens...
(he sits down and
pulls his mother
down on his lap)
... you remember that story about the young man - I think he was a shepherd - who was walking in the woods --

BERTHA
Oh, you've been in the country?

HENRY
No, it happened right on Broadway. Suddenly the young man saw a big castle, and out of the window leaned the most beautiful princess. Nothing could stop him - he climbed up the parapet of the castle --

BERTHA
Henry! Henry! Have you broken into the Waldorf again?

HENRY
(getting up)
Mother, darling - let's forget the fairy tale!

(CONTINUED)

61 (Cont. 2)

Both are getting up from the couch.

BERTHA
Well, it's about time you grew up. I came here to scold you, and I'm going to. Look at your cousin Albert - not much older than you and already a corporation lawyer - engaged to a lovely girl of a well-known family. Henry, this may sound severe, but you must pull yourself together and settle down.

HENRY
(back in a romantic mood)
I don't think I'll ever find that girl - but if I did, all your troubles would be over. If she didn't want me to gamble, I wouldn't look at another card. I would stay home every night. Mother, I might even go to work.

BERTHA
(realizing a change for the better in her son)
Henry - that's wonderful! I don't know about the girl, but the fact that you have the desire to settle down makes me so happy! For the first time you are beginning to sound like your father.

HENRY
Well, anyway, Mother, I don't know where she is, so don't expect too much.

BERTHA
(putting her arm around him)
Now listen to your mother - don't worry about that girl - another girl will come along. I'll look for one myself - how's that?

HENRY
(knowing his mother will never understand)
Fine, fine, Mother.

(CONTINUED)

61 (Cont. 3)

BERTHA
And when I find a girl for you, she'll be Miss Right. And do you know where we'll find her? In the home of Mr. and Mrs. Right. Oh, Henry, you're making me so happy!

She kisses him again.

HENRY
(after a little pause - sheepishly)
Mother, I've been riding for hours and hours trying to forget this girl --

BERTHA
Now, child - don't worry.

HENRY
But it was pretty expensive. The cab is still waiting out in front - and the cab driver was so nice to me I promised him --

BERTHA
I know -- your heart is always bigger than your father's pocketbook. Well - look under your pillow - I put something there last night.

Henry walks over to the bed, looks under the pillow and there finds several bank notes. Henry takes them - he is really touched. Takes his mother in his arms.

HENRY
Mother, sometimes I wonder if you're not spoiling me.

He kisses her.

FADE OUT

63 (Cont.1)

The CAMERA PANS with him as he comes back to the door of the living room.

ALBERT
Martha! Martha!

Martha appears in the door.

MARTHA
Yes, Albert.

ALBERT
(as he takes her over to Henry)
Dearest, I want you to meet Henry Van Cleve - this is the cousin whose birthday we're celebrating today.

Martha suddenly looks at Henry and is just as surprised as Henry was when he saw her - the next moment she controls herself.

MARTHA
Many happy returns, Mr. Van Cleve.

ALBERT
Cousin Henry.

MARTHA
(with a forced smile)
Cousin Henry.

HENRY
Thank you, cousin Martha.

There is no doubt that these two have seen each other before.

ALBERT
(proudly)
Well, Henry - here she is. Now I have done my duty bringing some new blood into the family - it will be your turn next, Henry.

HENRY
That's most unlikely.

ALBERT
Oh nonsense! All you need to do is find the right girl.

(CONTINUED)

63 (Cont.2)

HENRY
That's difficult, Albert. I'm afraid I'll never have your luck.

ALBERT
Yes - no question about it - I'm lucky. Well, shall we go in?
(calling)
Father Strabel - Father Strabel!

All go toward the living room. Albert enters first. Henry to Martha, just as they enter, in a low voice.

HENRY
Don't be afraid.

MARTHA
I should have told him - it would have been the thing to do.

HENRY
It shall remain our secret - I promise.

MARTHA
Thank you.

DISSOLVE:

64 INT. WANAMAKER'S DEPARTMENT STORE

HENRY'S VOICE
Yes, we had a secret. The most innocent secret I ever had. It was in Wanamaker's Department Store -

Henry walks along in the department store toward a telephone booth.

65 TELEPHONE BOOTHS

Henry goes into the booth - the door of the booth is open; so is the door of the adjoining booth. In the adjoining booth is Martha, so far not being noticed by Henry. Henry is just about to make his call when he hears Martha's voice from the adjoining booth.

MARTHA
Mother - I'm at the hairdresser's - they're still doing my hair,...just a moment and I'll ask them how long it will be -
(pause)

Henry is amused over this girl who is obviously telling a lie - she interests him.

(CONTINUED)

65 (Cont.)

MARTHA
(continuing again into the telephone)
They say it will take about fifteen minutes. I will be home, at the most, in a half hour...Don't worry, mother - goodbye.

She comes out of the booth and leaves. Henry follows her but so far he has not been able to see her face.

HENRY'S VOICE
Here was a girl lying to her mother. Naturally, that girl interested me at once.

66 INT. DEPT. STORE

Suddenly she stops at a counter and appears interested in a handbag. Henry stops in the distance. She turns around and looks at another handbag. Henry sees her face for the first time. He is fascinated. Martha, without noticing Henry, walks out of the store. Henry follows her.

67 EXT. STREET IN NEW YORK

Henry follows Martha along the street. She stops in front of Brentano's Book Shop. She looks around to be sure that she has not been seen and walks into the book shop. During this scene:

HENRY'S VOICE
Why was this angel lying to her mother? I had to find out - so I followed her. But even if she hadn't lied to her mother, I would have followed her anyway.

68 INT. BRENTANO'S BOOK SHOP

Martha enters the book shop - the book shop has been changed since we saw it last. It is very crowded - more customers and clerks. Martha walks up to one of the counters which are in the center. Without her noticing it, Henry enters, quickly puts his hat and cane on a chair and appears on the other side of the counter posing as a clerk.

HENRY
May I help you, Miss?

(CONTINUED)

68 (Cont.)

MARTHA
(very embarrassed)
Thank you. I would like to -
(pause)
Are there no women clerks?

HENRY
Unfortunately not. But you might feel a little easier if I mention that I am the one who is usually chosen by the management to handle the more delicate situations. As a matter of fact, they call me the bookworms' Little Mother.

MARTHA
(getting even
more embarrassed)
Well, it's - maybe I'd better come some other time.

HENRY
(playing his part
magnificently)
Please, Miss - my employer is watching and if he sees me losing a customer, it might cost me my job.

MARTHA
Oh, I'm so sorry. Naturally, I wouldn't like to deprive you of your livelihood.

HENRY
Thank you, thank you. Thank you again and again. I could tell the moment I looked at you that you had a very kind heart.

MARTHA
(confused)
Perhaps I can buy some other book.

HENRY
Why another book? You must have confidence in your book salesman. Your book salesman is your literary confessor. So please speak freely.

MARTHA
Well, the title of the book is --

HENRY
(encouragingly)
Yes?

(CONTINUED)

68 (Cont.1)

MARTHA
(still too embarrassed
to name the title)
I saw it in the corner of the window between "To Have and To Hold" and "When Knighthood Was In Flower."

Henry walks over to the show window and takes the book out.

69. INSERT

THE BRIDE'S GUIDE
or
HOW TO MAKE YOUR HUSBAND HAPPY
by
Dr. Blossom Franklin

70 INT. BOOK SHOP - MED. SHOT

as Henry brings the book over to her. CAMERA MOVES UP TO

71 CLOSE SHOT

Henry gives Martha the book; as she opens the book, he looks her over.

HENRY
I probably should apologize - I imagine I should have called you madam.

MARTHA
No - it's still miss.

HENRY
But not for long, I presume.

MARTHA
That's quite right. How much is the book?

HENRY
(fishing around)
Oh - we would be only too glad to charge it, if you will be kind enough to give me your name and address.

MARTHA
Thank you, but I'd rather pay. How much?

(CONTINUED)

71 (Cont.)

HENRY
(trying to stall)
It's - it's very expensive.

MARTHA
Oh, that's all right.

HENRY
(moving closer to her - in a low tone)
Now - this is against the interests of Mr. Brentano - but since I am, so to speak, your literary confessor, I must be honest with you. Don't buy this book. You don't need it. I'll tell you something much more appropriate for you - "Leave Your Nest and Fly Away With Me."

MARTHA
(blushing - bewildered)
I might buy that book, too.

HENRY
Well, it's not in stock right now - but I would love to discuss the idea with you - and if you like it --

MARTHA
(pleadingly)
I'm afraid I haven't much time - so please - will you tell me how much is the Bride's Guide?

HENRY
(points to picture)
Look at her -

72 INSERT

PICTURE OF DR. BLOSSOM FRANKLIN --
ON SECOND PAGE OF THE BOOK --
AN UNINTERESTING LOOKING WOMAN
WITH GLASSES

HENRY
(continuing)
Dr. Blossom Franklin - now where could a woman like that have found out how to make a husband happy? You certainly don't want to learn anything from her. You are so charming - so young - so beautiful!

(CONTINUED)

72 (Cont.)

MARTHA
I beg your pardon - you shouldn't say such things!

HENRY
You see, Miss - when selling literature, one gets poetic - and you must forgive me if I take poetic license once in a while.

MARTHA
I'd rather not discuss it any further - and if you don't mind I would like to buy this book.

73 CLOSE SHOT - MARTHA AND HENRY

HENRY
(starting his arguments again)
I do mind. Imagine that I'm the man you're going to marry.

MARTHA
I couldn't imagine any such thing!

HENRY
What's the matter with me? You think I'm that terrible?

MARTHA
(desperately)
Please - I just came in here to buy a book - that's all.

HENRY
I understand, but for the sake of discussion, let's say we are getting married. Believe me, I don't want anybody to tell you how to make me happy. The greatest gift you could bring me is to be just as you are - adorable....And no Dr. Blossom Franklin is going to deprive me of the privilage of molding your mind and your heart.

MARTHA
(helplessly)
All I want is a book - just one book.

HENRY
Stubborn, eh?

MARTHA
What?

(CONTINUED)

812

73 (Cont.)

HENRY
Pardon my poetic license.

MARTHA
If you don't change your attitude, I shall have to complain to your employer.

HENRY
(by now hopelessly in love with her)
I'm not employed here - I'm not a book salesman. I took one look at you - and I followed you into this store. If you had walked into a restaurant, I would have become a waiter. If you had walked into a burning building, I would have become a fireman. If you had walked into an elevator, I would have stopped it between two floors and we would have stayed there for the rest of our lives.

Desperate - she runs out of the store. Henry picks up his hat and cane and follows her.

74 EXT. STREET FRONT OF BOOK SHOP

Martha walks down to the corner - Henry follows her, comes up behind her.

HENRY
Please, forgive me - but you can't run out of my life like that.

MARTHA
I think your behavior is outrageous - it's mad - and I must insist that you leave me at once.

HENRY
Never! Never!

75 They have by now reached the street corner and a policeman comes up and gives Henry a threatening look.

POLICEMAN
Is this man annoying you? Just say the word and I'll take care of him.

HENRY
(accepting the challenge)
Am I annoying you? Tell the officer.

(CONTINUED)

75 (Cont.)

MARTHA
(after a little pause)
No - the gentleman was just saying goodbye. Well, goodbye.

HENRY
Goodbye.

The policeman still stands close to Henry, watching him suspiciously.

76 MARTHA

gets into a cab; the cab drives away with Henry looking after her.

77 CLOSE SHOT - CAB

CAMERA FOLLOWING the cab - Martha's head emerges from the back, giving Henry a last look which undoubtedly proves that she was not uninterested in him.

DISSOLVE:

78 INT. HALL - VAN CLEVE HOME

Later that evening, thru the open door of the living room we see the family listening to Mrs. Cooper's solo (vocal). Martha exits with Albert - Albert is wiping his forehead. When they both get a sufficient distance from the living room door so they are not overheard -- Martha speaks.

MARTHA
I'm terribly sorry, Albert.

ALBERT
Dearest, you don't seem to realize who is singing.

MARTHA
I know - young Mrs. Cooper-Cooper.

ALBERT
If it were just a relative, it wouldn't be half so embarrassing.

MARTHA
But Mr. Cooper-Cooper is one of your most important clients -- I haven't forgotten.

ALBERT
And besides that, socially speaking, the Cooper-Coopers are at the top of the ladder and we certainly don't want to get off on the wrong foot with them, do we?

MARTHA
But Albert - what could I do? I had to sneeze.

ALBERT
But you did it right in the middle of her aria - and five times.

MARTHA
(a little embarrassed)
Because I had to sneeze five times. Albert, tell me - suppose some day in the future I have to sneeze --?

ALBERT
(in a patronizing manner)
Then you sneeze. Naturally. Don't you worry - after all, I'm going to take you for better or for worse.
(suddenly)
Do you think you may have to sneeze again?

(CONTINUED)

78 (Cont.)

MARTHA
I don't know - I can't guarantee it.

ALBERT
(he takes her to the library)
Well, then let's not take any chances. Why don't you go into the library and rest awhile and see how things develop? Make yourself comfortable, read a book--

MARTHA
Yes, dear.

He blows her a kiss as she goes through the door. The CAMERA PANS, Albert walks back toward the living room.

79 INT. LIBRARY

Martha has entered the library. As she turns around she suddenly sees Henry sitting in the corner, apparently very bored with the whole party. She feels very uncomfortable.

80 INT. HALL - CLOSE SHOT - NEAR LIVING ROOM DOOR

Albert is just about to return to Mrs. Cooper-Cooper's aria - when he turns and tiptoes back to the library door. We think he is going in and find Martha and Henry, but instead he reaches for the door, which is slightly open, and very carefully closes it so it does not make any noise.

81 INT. LIBRARY

Martha is very nervous - Henry says nothing. Martha takes a book from the shelf in sheer self-defense. Without her noticing it, Henry walks over to her and takes the book away from her, closes it, takes her in his arms and kisses her. Martha comes out of the kiss, looks at Henry for a moment and runs out of the room.

82 HALLWAY

CAMERA PANS with Martha as she almost runs from the library toward the living room. Before she reaches the living room she suddenly stops and fights a sneeze, then finally sneezes. The next moment Albert appears in the living room door. He is horrified and motions her to get back to the library. Martha stands a minute and then goes back to the library.

83 INT. LIBRARY

Henry is walking up and down as Martha enters.

(CONTINUED)

83 (Cont.)

MARTHA
(with an air of determination)
Cousin Henry --

HENRY
Yes, Cousin Martha.

MARTHA
You must never do anything like that again.

HENRY
(steps close to her)
Is that what you came back here to tell me?

MARTHA
I think it's outrageous - I hardly know you - even Albert, my own fiance, never dared to --

HENRY
To kiss you?

MARTHA
Of course he kissed me - why not? After all, we're engaged. But he never kissed me like that.

HENRY
(coming closer)
Like what?

MARTHA
(the typical old-fashioned nice girl)
Oh, I hate you! I hate you! I don't know why I even stay in the same room with you.

HENRY
(desperately in love with her)
Please forgive me - but can't we be friends - just friends?

MARTHA
Never.

HENRY
(taking her hand)
Now look -- we're going to be related, aren't we? We're going to see each other - how can we help it?
(pauses)

(CONTINUED)

83 (Cont. 1)

MARTHA
(meekly, as she feels unable longer to hide her emotions)
I suppose we can't.

HENRY
And if we meet in the future, we don't have to talk about personal things - about you and me - let's talk about something neutral. For instance, Albert.

MARTHA
Why not?

HENRY
(coming very close to her)
By the way, do you love Albert?

MARTHA
(defending herself as well as she can)
I'm marrying him, am I not?

HENRY
Are you?

MARTHA
Yes, I am.

HENRY
No, you're not. You can't You haven't got that book.

MARTHA
What book?

HENRY
The Bride's Guide.

MARTHA
Well, - it might interest you to know I went back and bought it.

HENRY
Does it tell you how to make a man happy whom you don't love?

MARTHA
He's a fine man - he's good - he has integrity - he's full of high ideals.

HENRY
Do you love him?

(CONTINUED)

83 (Cont. 2)

MARTHA
Well, I'm going to make him a fine wife - at least I'll try my best. There'll never be a day in his life that he'll regret having married me. And if you ask me one more question - I'm going to leave this room and I'll never come back again - never!
(pauses)

Martha walks over to the window; suddenly she cannot hide her feelings and starts to cry. Henry comes over to her and puts his arms gently around her.

HENRY
(in a very warm tone)
I still can't understand - an angel like you - and Albert - it doesn't make sense. Why do you want to marry him?

MARTHA
(crying)
I've always wanted to live in New York. You see, I don't want to say anything against Kansas, but life on my father's estate - don't misunderstand me, we have all the modern conveniences and luxuries - but - and you don't know father and mother.

HENRY
Well, I've only just met them --

MARTHA
Don't you think they're sweet?

HENRY
Oh, very sweet.

MARTHA
Yes, they are - but it's not very easy to live with them. You see, most of the time they don't talk to each other. And whenever a young man - and there were some very nice ones --

HENRY
I'm sure of it.

(CONTINUED)

83 (Cont. 3)

MARTHA
(speaking through her tears)
If one asked for my hand and my mother said yes, my father said no. And when my father said yes, my mother said no. But Albert came in one of the rare moments when they were both on speaking terms. And if I hadn't said yes, who knows when my parents would have been talking to each other again? I might have spent the rest of my life in Kansas. Don't misunderstand me - I love Kansas - I just don't feel like living there. And besides that, I didn't want to be an old maid - not in Kansas.

HENRY
Well, you're going to live right here in New York - and you don't have to marry Albert.

MARTHA
I don't know what you're talking about.

HENRY
Yes, you do. You're going to be married - but not to Albert - and yet you won't even have to change the initials on your linens.

He kisses her again.

MARTHA
(as they come out of the embrace)
I don't know what you're talking about.

HENRY
You're going to marry me.

MARTHA
We can't do this - how can I marry you? I'm not even engaged to you.

HENRY
Martha - do you love me?

MARTHA
I-I-I hardly know you.

(CONTINUED)

83 (Cont. 4)

HENRY
You don't need to know anything when you love - love doesn't need any introductions. You love or you don't love.

MARTHA
You're mad - you don't know what you're saying - you must be out of your mind.

HENRY
Do you love me or don't you?

MARTHA
Trying to take away the fiancee of your own cousin - causing a family scandal!

HENRY
Do you love me?

MARTHA
Yes.
(pauses)
Oh, why did you ever come into my life?

HENRY
To make you happy - to hold you in my arms forever.

MARTHA
I'll never be able to look my father in the face. I'll never be able to go back to Kansas again.

HENRY
Isn't that wonderful?

Henry kisses her again. As they come out of the embrace:

MARTHA
I wish I were dead.

HENRY
Look - let's get away - let's get married immediately - tonight - right away.

MARTHA
You mean elope?

HENRY
That's what I mean.

(CONTINUED)

83 (Cont. 5)

MARTHA
Where would we go? I never did such a thing before - I feel so helpless - I haven't anything with me - oh, I wish I were dead.

HENRY
When Romeo and Juliet ran away from home, they didn't stop to say good-bye. When Leander swam the Hellespont to his beloved, he didn't bother to take a suitcase along. When Tristan falls in love with Isolde, they have to sing for three and a half hours. And all I ask you to do is to jump into a cab with me and drive to the first Justice of the Peace. What are we waiting for?

He picks her up in his arms and carries her out of the room.

84 HALLWAY DOWNSTAIRS

Henry carries Martha right past the open living room door and suddenly they are seen by the family. Everybody rushes toward the hall - Martha jumps out of Henry's arms and stands there. Albert comes out. The Strabels come out. The whole family comes out, and looks in astonishment, too dumbfounded to speak. Suddenly, Henry picks Martha up again and, like a wild man, carries her out the front door. The family is still paralyzed. Flogdell, who is standing by the door, has rushed out after Henry and Martha. After a few moments, Albert walks to the door to find out what it's all about. Flogdell comes back.

ALBERT
What happened?

FLOGDELL
They left in a cab - they - they're going to be married.

RELATIVES AD LIB
It seems incredible!
It's hard to believe!
How could he do such a thing!
That such a thing could happen in our family!
He just met her today!
etc.

BERTHA
(nearly fainting - crying)
Where does he get it from?

(CONTINUED)

84 (Cont.)

RANDOLPH
(trying to save the family honor - to Mr. Strabel)
Sir, I'm still too dazed to express myself clearly - but I assure you that the sentiments of our family are with you --

MRS. STRABEL
If this happened at home, my husband would get on a horse and lasso them back.

MR. STRABEL
(back in their old routine-quarreling)
Don't you tell me what I would do! But one thing I am going to do - disinherit her! She'll never see another nickel of mine.

MRS. STRABEL
We came here from Kansas a happy family --

MR. STRABEL
Well anyway, a family.

MRS. STRABEL
We loved our Martha.

MR. STRABEL
Don't mention her name again - and if she comes crawling back on her knees to my door, she will find it closed. And don't you open it!

ALBERT
(rising to the occasion)
Please!... Dear family - thank you for the efforts you have made to comfort me in my bereavement, but I feel there are others who need even more consolation than I do. Uncle Randolph and Aunt Bertha - you must learn to forget, as the years pass by, that you are the parents of the guilty party. And you, Mr. and Mrs. Strabel, there's very little I can say to sustain you. And to you, Mrs. Cooper-Cooper --
(turns to a very unattractive young woman)
I offer our deepest apology for the unfortunate interruption of your beautiful aria. I would like to go on, but the strain is too much.

(CONTINUED)

84 (Cont. 1)

He acts the part of a broken man and goes into the living room, followed by all the others except Grandfather and Flogdell.

GRANDFATHER
(intimately)
Flogdell, do you know where they were going?

FLOGDELL
No, sir.

GRANDFATHER
Flogdell, we've been together for thirty years - and you've never lied to me. Do you know where they were going?

FLOGDELL
Yes sir.

GRANDFATHER
Get your hat and coat.

FLOGDELL
Very well, sir.

GRANDFATHER
Get a cab - tell the driver to go like lightning.

FLOGDELL
Very well, sir.

GRANDFATHER
(taking out money)
And Flogdell --

FLOGDELL
Yes, sir.

GRANDFATHER
I think they should have a honeymoon, don't you?

FLOGDELL
I think so, sir.

Grandfather gives him money. Flogdell exits happily. Grandfather starts back to the living room. He is apparently very happy over what has happened and as he walks toward the living room he makes up a little poem which he says to himself.

GRANDFATHER
She was packed by E.F.Strabel,
To be served at Albert's table --
But that Henry changed the label.
That's poetry.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

85 On the screen we see SHOTS that illustrate the following commentary by Henry:

HENRY'S VOICE
In the next ten years old houses were torn down - new houses rose taller and taller. New York was changing all over, but our marriage lasted just like our four-story brownstone house.

During the last few lines, the CAMERA is in front of the Van Cleve house and MOVES TOWARD the entrance door as we

DISSOLVE:

86 INT. HALL - VAN CLEVE'S HOUSE

Time - 10 years later. Early in the morning.

Thomas, the new butler, busy in the hall. Grandfather comes downstairs. He has aged considerably but is still spry. As he comes down he is clearing his throat the way old men do.

GRANDFATHER
(to Thomas)
Good morning, Flogdell.

THOMAS
Good morning, sir.

GRANDFATHER
Oh, you're a new man, aren't you?

THOMAS
Yes, sir.

GRANDFATHER
When did you come here?

THOMAS
I would say about a year ago.

GRANDFATHER
Oh yes, yes, yes.

He goes into the dining room, again clearing his throat vigorously.

87 UPPER HALLWAY

Jack, Henry's and Martha's eight-year old boy, resembling Henry in many ways, his school books under one arm, comes along the hall idly bouncing a ball and whistling. Henry already dressed, comes out of bedroom door, motions to Jack. The following scene is played as both go down the stairs.

(CONTINUED)

87 (Cont.)

HENRY
Shhhh! Jackie!

JACKIE
Good morning, daddy.

HENRY
Good morning, Jackie. You know very well you're not supposed to bounce that ball until your mother is up.

JACKIE
I'm sorry, daddy.

HENRY
(trying to be a father)
Now, I've told you this many times --

JACKIE
And I'm always sorry, daddy. Daddy, I'll bet you'd like to know what I'm going to give you for your birthday.

HENRY
I'm dying to know.

JACKIE
It's something to wear.

HENRY
Now let me see - is it a tie?

JACKIE
I'm not telling. I'll give you a hint - it has twenty-two colors in it.

HENRY
(thinking it out)
No tie has that many colors - so it can't be a tie.

JACKIE
It can't be, uh?
(laughs)
Now, I'm not saying it is a tie, but if it were a tie, there wouldn't be any other one like it in the world.

HENRY
Oh, I believe that, Jackie, I can hardly wait to find out what it is.

They are now downstairs.

(CONTINUED)

87 (Cont.1)

JACKIE
Daddy, how old are you going to be?

HENRY
Thirty-six.

JACKIE
That's pretty old, isn't it?

HENRY
I never thought about it - but I guess it is.

JACKIE
Daddy, when you were as old as me, what kind of a kid were you?

HENRY
Well, I was pretty obedient. When my parents said go to bed, I never argued about it. I did all my school work - I brushed my teeth every morning - and I never sneaked into the kitchen and stuffed the turkey with my father's old panama hat.

JACKIE
Gee, daddy, I guess you were a wonderful boy!

HENRY
Well, I suppose I was.

JACKIE
Then old grandpa must be a terrible liar! Well, goodbye, daddy.

HENRY
Goodbye, Jackie.

Jack leaves. After he has shut the door -

HENRY
(looking after departing boy, with a sense of humor)
Where does he get it from?
(exits into dining room)

CUT TO:

88 DINING ROOM

Grandfather and Bertha at table eating breakfast. Henry enters.

HENRY
Good morning, mother.

BERTHA
Good morning, Henry.

HENRY
Good morning, grandfather - how are you feeling?

GRANDFATHER
(coughs and grunts, clears his throat, creating a kind of barbaric noise)

HENRY
That's fine!
(sits down, starting his breakfast)
Look, mother, I want you to see this -
(takes bracelet out of pocket - shows it to mother)
Do you think Martha will like it?

BERTHA
Oh, it's beautiful!

HENRY
After ten years with me, I think she's entitled to it.

BERTHA
(getting sentimental)
Yes, it will be ten years on Tuesday, and you'll be thirty-six. Oh, if your father could be here to share this happiness with us. But I always thank heaven that he lived long enough to see you settle down and become a fine husband, a good father - and a wonderful son.

HENRY
Well, it's Martha - and only Martha. Mother, I'm the luckiest man in the world!

(CONTINUED)

88 (Cont.)

BERTHA
(becoming more and more the typical mother-in-law)
Yes, she's a fine wife and she has a good influence on you - but she's pretty lucky herself.

HENRY
Now, come on - don't be a mother-in-law.

BERTHA
(a little critical)
By the way, isn't she coming down for breakfast?

HENRY
I didn't go into her room. You know the opera lasted until after midnight and she's probably tired.

Thomas enters with telegram - hands it to Henry. Henry reads it - is stunned.

BERTHA
Anything serious?

HENRY
No, nothing.

Grandfather looks at him. He seems to know something about that telegram.

HENRY
(gets up)
I think I'll go upstairs and see if Martha's still asleep.

Henry leaves the dining room quickly.

89 HALL

Henry runs upstairs.

90 MARTHA'S BEDROOM

Henry enters. The room is empty. Henry looks into the dressing room which visually indicates that Martha must have done some quick packing. He steps back into bedroom and stands for a few seconds completely dazed.

Grandfather enters through door.

(CONTINUED)

90 (Cont.)

GRANDFATHER
Where is she?

Henry doesn't answer.

GRANDFATHER
(determined and strict)
Show me that telegram.

HENRY
It's just something personal - it has nothing to do with --

GRANDFATHER
So, you don't trust me any more? I'm getting too old!

Henry hesitates a moment, then gives him telegram. Grandfather reads it.

91 INSERT - TELEGRAM

"Albany, N.Y.

Please don't try to follow me. As soon as I have settled down I will make plans about Jackie. Don't let him know anything. With your ingenuity it will be easy to make up a story. Martha"

92 CLOSE SHOT - GRANDFATHER AND HENRY

GRANDFATHER
(deeply moved)
Henry - you mean we've lost Martha?

HENRY
(miserable)
It's impossible! It's incredible - it just doesn't make sense - Martha leaving me!

GRANDFATHER
What did you do? What happened, Henry?

HENRY
I don't know how I can go on living without her. Grandpa, I love Martha - I love her more than anything in the world.

GRANDFATHER
I didn't ask you that - I asked you what happened.

(CONTINUED)

92 (Cont.)

HENRY
I don't know, - I always thought that she was very happy with me. I don't know what she's heard - you know how people will talk about anybody. No man is perfect. But running away like this - believe me, I can't see any reason for it.

GRANDFATHER
(firmly)
If a woman like Martha runs away from her husband, there must be a reason.

Henry sinks into a chair.

GRANDFATHER
(continuing - coming close to him)
Now look here, Henry - you were the only Van Cleve I really cared about. I loved you - you were like me - that's what I thought. You were everything I wanted to be. You did everything I wanted to do, and didn't. And now you've let me down... When you ran away with Martha I was the happiest man in the world. Who sent that butler to the wedding to help you?

HENRY
Grandpa, I can't live without her. What am I going to do?

GRANDFATHER
That's up to you. But let me tell you one thing - I'm an old man, and I might have to go any day - and if you can't make her forgive you, I will be standing up there -
(pointing above)
right in the entrance - and if you ever try to climb up that ladder, I'll hit you on the head with a baseball bat.

DISSOLVE:

93 TRAIN - SPEEDING ALONG

Several CUTS of landscapes indicating a trip from New York to the middle west.

DISSOLVE:

94 ENTRANCE - STRABEL ESTATE IN KANSAS

CAMERA MOVES down the driveway toward the house. CAMERA STOPS in front of the Strabel mansion.

In front of the Strabel mansion as part of the lawn decoration is a big statue of a cow, and on the bronze pedestal, we SEE in large engraved letters - MABEL.

DISSOLVE:

95 INT. DINING ROOM OF THE STRABELS

A large dining room table. At one end, Mr. Strabel, and at the other end, Mrs. Strabel, having their breakfast. Mrs. Strabel is reading the funny papers. Both are again not on speaking terms.

MR. STRABEL
(grouchily)
Jasper!

An aged, trusted negro servant enters.

JASPER
Yassuh.

MR. STRABEL
Where are the funny papers?

JASPER
(he's been thru this situation hundreds of times)
Why, you see - it's like dis, suh --

MR. STRABEL
Get 'em - and get 'em right now.

JASPER
Yassuh.
(unexcitedly starts what is apparently his usual trip, following the length of the table to Mrs. Strabel)
Good mawnin', Mrs. Strabel.

MRS. STRABEL
Good morning, Jasper.

JASPER
(being a diplomat)
We're havin' bad weathuh today. When ah see it pourin' lak dat ah wonder where does it all come from - where does it all come from --

(CONTINUED)

95 (Cont.)

MRS. STRABEL
You tell Mr. Strabel that he'll get the funny papers when I'm through - and not one second sooner.

JASPER
Yes, ma'am - ah suttinly will. 'Scuse me, ma'am.
(starts his trip back to Mr. Strabel)

Strabel looks up.

JASPER
(continuing)
Ah jes' had a fine conversation with de Missus. She ask you to be kind enough to give de matter a little patience. As soon as she finishes wi' dem Katzenjammer kids ah think --

MR. STRABEL
(exploding)
I came down especially early this morning to find out if Der Captain got out of the barrel. It's the same every Sunday - well, I'm not going to stand for it any more.

MRS. STRABEL
Jasper!

JASPER
(to Mr. Strabel)
'Scuse me, Mr. Strabel.
(starts his trip back to Mrs. Strabel)
Yes, ma'am?

MRS. STRABEL
You can tell Mr. Strabel that Der Captain got out of the barrel.

JASPER
(runs back to Mr. Strabel)
Boss, ah got good news for you - Der Captain's out - ain't dat fine? Now ah thinks you can have a few more wheat cakes.

MR. STRABEL
(broods a moment)
All right. A couple more -

(CONTINUED)

95 (Cont. I)

Jasper gives him stack of cakes.

MR. STRABEL
(continuing - to himself)
I don't see how he ever got out of that barrel. Why, that barrel had wooden slats nailed down on the top and the bottom, and there were steel bands all around it, and they put it in the middle of the desert. Now, how could he get out of it?

JASPER
Now you eat dem wheat cakes while dey're hot. Ah'll see what ah can find out.
(goes back to Mrs. Strabel)
Nudder lamb chop, Mrs. Strabel?

MRS. STRABEL
Well, I don't mind. About that barrel - the way he got out of it was - a friendly snake came crawling up --

MR. STRABEL
(yelling)
Don't tell me! You know it's no fun unless I read it by myself. What are you trying to do - ruin my Sunday?

MRS. STRABEL
Will you tell Mr. Strabel that I was talking to you. Jasper, the snake came crawling along in the desert. It wound itself around the barrel, and then - cr-r-runch--

MR. STRABEL
(jumps up)
I can't live in this house any more!

Before Strabel reaches the door, Daisy, the colored maid, enters.

DAISY
Mr. Strabel--

MR. STRABEL
What do you want?

(CONTINUED)

95 (Cont. 2)

DAISY
There's a gen'leman calling - he say he from New York -- a Mr. Van Cleve.

Strabel and Mrs. Strabel react to this.

MR. STRABEL
Van Cleve?

DAISY
Dat's de gen'leman's name - yassuh.

MRS. STRABEL
(puts down paper)
The nerve of him - trying to walk into this house. You tell him to go back where he came from.

DAISY
Yes, ma'am.

MR. STRABEL
Just a minute, Daisy!

DAISY
Yassuh.

MR. STRABEL
Maybe I want to see Mr. Van Cleve. And if I want to see him, he'll come in. And if I want him to stay here - he'll stay right here. Now, Daisy - you tell that man I'll break his neck if he's not off these premises in ten seconds.

DAISY
Yassuh - I'll tell him.

Mr. Strabel sits down at table again - they both continue eating.

MR. STRABEL
More wheat cakes, Jasper.

JASPER
Yassuh.
(as he serves Mr. Strabel)
'Scuse me - but maybe sumpin' done happen to Miss Martha.

MR. STRABEL
You talk too much, Jasper.

(CONTINUED)

95 (Cont. 3)

JASPER
Yassuh.

MRS. STRABEL
(seeing Jasper's point)
Jasper!

JASPER
Yes, ma'am?

MRS. STRABEL
Tell that man to come in.

JASPER
Yes, ma'am.

He is about to go, then stops and looks at Mr. Strabel.

MR. STRABEL
(apparently won over)
Hurry up!

Jasper leaves the room quickly. After a few moments, Albert enters. Albert is now about thirty-six. His dignity has increased with the years. The Strabels are puzzled when they see who it is.

ALBERT
How do you do, Mr. Strabel.

MR. STRABEL
Oh, it's the other one!

MRS. STRABEL
It's Albert! Hello, Albert.

ALBERT
How do you do, Mrs. Strabel.

MR. STRABEL
Why, we haven't seen each other --

ALBERT
Not since that ill-fated occasion - ten years ago tomorrow.

MR. STRABEL
Did you have breakfast?

ALBERT
Yes, thank you.

MR. STRABEL
Sit down, anyway.

Albert sits down.

(CONTINUED)

95 (Cont. 4)

MR. STRABEL
Got some business in Kansas?

ALBERT
No, I was on my way to California, but I said to myself, why shouldn't I stop and pay my respects to those charming Strabels?

MR. STRABEL
Well, what do you want?

ALBERT
Oh, nothing, nothing in particular.

MR. STRABEL
Good.

ALBERT
Oh, yes, there is one bit of news - I'll bet you can't guess whom I met accidentally on the train.

MR. STRABEL
(not in a guessing mood)
Probably not. How is business in New York?

ALBERT
Very good. Well, I don't want to keep you in suspense any longer. I met your own daughter Martha.

MR. STRABEL
(in an outburst)
Don't you mention her name in this house!

MRS. STRABEL
We don't want to hear anything about her.

ALBERT
(up to his neck in dignity)
My dear friends, speaking as a jurist, may I say that even in our penal code we have wisely provided a system of parole. And I have excellent reason to believe that the party - whose name I naturally will not mention in this house - has paid amply for her mistakes --

MR. STRABEL
Good.

(CONTINUED)

95 (Cont. 5)

ALBERT
And I am sure she would like nothing better than to come back to the paternal nest.

MRS. STRABEL
So she wants to leave him - and now she remembers us.

MR. STRABEL
No chance, Albert - that's final.

ALBERT
(getting up)
She's waiting in a carriage in front of this very house.

MRS. STRABEL
(jumps up)
Martha?

MR. STRABEL
(jumps up)
Martha - here?

ALBERT
(pompously)
Yes, Mr. and Mrs. Strabel.

A slight pause.

ALBERT
(continuing)
Shall I bring her in?

MR. STRABEL
I don't know what Mrs. Strabel thinks --

MRS. STRABEL
Well, I -

MR. STRABEL
-- and I don't care --

MRS. STRABEL
And I don't care what you think - she might just as well come in and stay until the rain is over.

MR. STRABEL
Well - what are you waiting for, man? Bring her in!

Albert exits, the Strabels following him.

96 HALLWAY OF THE STRABELS

Albert hastens out through the entrance door. The Strabels, with grim slowness, also approach the entrance door. After a little while, Albert opens the entrance door and escorts Martha in. The atmosphere is strained.

MARTHA
Hello, father.

MR. STRABEL
Hello.

MARTHA
Hello, mother.

MRS. STRABEL
Hello, Martha.

Jasper comes in with Martha's suitcase and puts it down.

JASPER
(the only one who doesn't hide his emotions)
Welcome home, Miss Martha.

MARTHA
Thank you, Jasper.

JASPER
We-all done missed you, Miss Martha.

MR. STRABEL
Get out of here - you talk too much.

Jasper exits.

ALBERT
Well, I assume there are things between daughter and parents which are better left to the daughter - and the parents. If you'll excuse me, I'll take a cup of coffee.
(exits toward dining room)

97 CLOSE SHOT - MARTHA AND THE STRABELS

MRS. STRABEL
I guess it was a pretty muddy ride from the station in all that rain.

MARTHA
Yes, I suppose it was.

(CONTINUED)

97 (Cont.)

MRS. STRABEL
Do you want some breakfast?

MR. STRABEL
It's Sunday morning - we have wheat cakes.

MARTHA
Thank you, father - but I'm not hungry.

After a little silence:

MR. STRABEL
Well, the place hasn't changed much, has it?

MARTHA
No, it looks exactly the same.

MR. STRABEL
Maybe now you'll appreciate your home.

MRS. STRABEL
It took you ten years to find out that we were right. If you had listened to your mother --

MR. STRABEL
And your father, things would have been different.

MARTHA
(with quiet dignity)
I think I'd better be going.

MR. STRABEL
Getting touchy, huh? If anybody has a right to be angry, it's us.

MRS. STRABEL
But we're willing to let bygones be bygones --

MR. STRABEL
After all, we're not made of stone, and when a daughter comes home and is sorry --

MARTHA
(determined)
I'm not sorry - and I don't want your forgiveness.

MR. STRABEL
Then what did you come here for?

(CONTINUED)

97 (Cont. 1)

MARTHA
I came here because I felt I wanted to see you, but if you expect me to get down on my knees --

MR. STRABEL
Well, forget it. You were young and it was probably all the fault of that --

MARTHA
Please, father - I don't want to hear a single unpleasant word about the last ten years - or I'll have to go.

There is a little pause.

MRS. STRABEL
(finally breaking down, takes Martha into her arms. Warmly:)
Martha! You look so tired.

MR. STRABEL
No wonder, after what she --

MRS. STRABEL
Can't you keep still? It's all dead and buried, and let's forget it.
(to Martha)
Come upstairs, child. You're going to have a nice hot bath and then you're going to lie down and rest.

She puts her arm around Martha and they go upstairs. Strabel looks after them, and after a few moments' hesitation, he takes Martha's suitcase and follows them up the stairs.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

98 LIVING ROOM - THE STRABEL HOUSE

Same evening, after dinner. The Strabels, Martha and Albert sitting in the living room, Mrs. Strabel knitting, Martha trying to read a book, Mr. Strabel reading the funny papers at last. Albert has brief case, is going over some legal notes. The fire is burning. A dull family picture.

After a few moments of complete silence:

MR. STRABEL
(suddenly, to himself)
So he really got out of that barrel.
What do you think of that!
(continues to read)

Again silence.

From behind the window on the outside, suddenly a face appears.

99 CLOSE SHOT WINDOW

It is Grandfather Van Cleve, his overcoat collar turned up, his neck wrapped in a heavy scarf. He motions to someone. The next moment Henry's face appears behind the window. They both look in the window, unseen by the people in the room. They look first at Martha.

100 CLOSEUP - MARTHA - FROM HENRY'S VIEW

101 CLOSEUP - HENRY AND GRANDFATHER

Henry is looking longingly at Martha. Grandfather gives him a bawling out.

102 LIVING ROOM - THE WHOLE GROUP FROM HENRY'S ANGLE

Albert was so seated that so far he could not be seen by Henry or grandfather. Suddenly he gets up and walks over to the desk with his papers.

103 CLOSEUP - HENRY AND GRANDFATHER

They are flabbergasted to see Albert. They talk to each other excitedly when suddenly a dog barks and they run out of the picture.

104 LIVING ROOM - THE STRABELS, MARTHA AND ALBERT

The dog continues barking louder and louder.

MR. STRABEL
What's all that noise about?

Jasper comes in.

(CONTINUED)

104 (Cont.)

JASPER
Yassuh. I jes' talked to Mr. Chuck - he say somebody saw couple of prowlers somewhere on de grounds. Dey may be some of dem horse thieves.

MR. STRABEL
Well, tell Chuck to keep after them.

JASPER
Yassuh.

MR. STRABEL
And if necessary to shoot 'em.

JASPER
Yassuh.
(he exits)

MARTHA
(bored and tired, rising)
Excuse me, father - but if you don't mind I think I'll go upstairs - I'm pretty tired. Goodnight.

MR. STRABEL & ALBERT
Goodnight, Martha.

MRS. STRABEL
Goodnight, Martha - breakfast at 7:30.

MARTHA
Yes, mother.

105 HALL

CAMERA PANS with Martha as she walks from the living room to the foot of the staircase.

ALBERT'S VOICE
(calling her)
Martha!

He joins her at foot of stairs.

ALBERT
(continuing, paternally)
Now Martha - I want you to have a restful night - and why not? Your troubles are actually over.

MARTHA
(sadly)
I suppose you're right.

(CONTINUED)

105 (Cont.)

ALBERT
I know I am. Well, you paid for your mistakes - and paid dearly.

MARTHA
Now Albert, I don't want anybody to get the impression that I am a victim of ten years of misery - nothing of the kind. On the contrary, I can say there were moments in my marriage which very few women have been lucky enough to experience.

ALBERT
There were times when you were lifted way up to the sky?

MARTHA
Yes - way up!

ALBERT
Only to be dropped way down afterwards. That's not the purpose of marriage - marriage is not a series of thrills - marriage is a peaceful, well-balanced adjustment of two right-thinking people.

MARTHA
I'm afraid that's only too true. Goodnight, Albert.

ALBERT
And Martha - there's one other thought I want you to sleep with - my feelings for you have remained unchanged.

MARTHA
That's very kind of you - and I'm touched.

ALBERT
Naturally, I'm not the flashy type like some people. I would say I'm rather on the conservative side. If I were, for instance, a suit of clothes, you would not call me a stylish cut. And I prefer it that way. But I can safely say that I am made of solid material, I am sewed together carefully - and my lining is good, Martha. Frankly, I believe I wear well. I'm not too hot in the summer - I give protection in the winter. Need I say more?

(CONTINUED)

105 (Cont. 1)

MARTHA
No, Albert - you gave a complete and accurate description of yourself. Goodnight.

ALBERT
Thank you, Martha.

She goes upstairs. Albert goes back into the living room. As Martha reaches upper landing, Jasper approaches.

JASPER
(in a low voice)
Miss Martha - 'scuse me but dat horse thief we wuz lookin' for --

MARTHA
Did you catch him?

JASPER
He's right in your room - waiting for you.

MARTHA
In my room? You mean --?
(she gets it)

JASPER
Yes, ma'am - dat's him...

Martha rushes into her room.

106 MARTHA'S BEDROOM

Henry is pacing up and down. Martha enters. They look at each other for a second.

HENRY
Martha - darling - sweetheart! How could you do this to me? Don't you realize what I went through? Running away like that without a word - can't you imagine what I suffered?
(sinks into a chair)
Oh, Martha - Martha!

MARTHA
Henry, it won't work any more.

HENRY
(gets up; the jealous husband)
What's Albert doing here?

(CONTINUED)

106 (Cont.)

MARTHA
I just met him by accident - on the train. And he was very nice and --

HENRY
Accident! You expect me to believe that? Here I am - looking all over the world for my wife - going insane with despair - and where do I find her? Two thousand miles away in a lonely country place with another man! I don't see how I can stand any more.

MARTHA
(having gone through this many times)
Henry, it won't work.

HENRY
Very well. If it comes to the point where a woman doubts her husband's sincerity - there is nothing more to do. Everything is over. Goodbye, Martha.

MARTHA
Goodbye, Henry.

Henry goes to the door for a false exit. At the door he turns around:

HENRY
Martha, I really mean this - I'm going.

MARTHA
I know you mean it.

HENRY
(seeing that this won't work, he tries another approach; sits down in chair)
Just give me five minutes to pull myself together and you'll never see me again - never, never.

MARTHA
Henry, I know your every move. I know your outraged indignation - I know the poor, weeping little boy. I know the misunderstood, strong, silent man - the wounded lion who is too proud to explain what happened in the jungle last night.

(CONTINUED)

106 (Cont.1)

HENRY
(putting it on thick)
So I'm a fake - I'm false - I'm cheap --

MARTHA
Henry - please!

HENRY
I know I brought you nothing but unhappiness --

MARTHA
You know that's not true.--

HENRY
So we did have some good times together!

MARTHA
Some wonderful times!

HENRY
Than what do you want? What did I do? Even a murderer has a right to defend himself. You can't --

HENRY & MARTHA TOGETHER
Hang a man without evidence!

MARTHA
I know.

HENRY
(switching to another approach)
If I only knew - what particular thing is in your mind -- Have you seen Aunt Minetta recently?

MARTHA
Of course I have.

HENRY
Well, now everything is clear. Now let me tell you - this is something I didn't even want to mention to you - it's so unimportant. When she saw me - yes, I was having tea at the Plaza and at the table with me was a very handsome young woman. But, believe me, there was nothing to it. I would have come to you and told you myself, but --

(CONTINUED)

106 (Cont. 2)

MARTHA
You didn't want to make me uncomfortable - even for one second.

HENRY
That's right, darling - that's right.

MARTHA
It won't work, Henry. And besides, Aunt Minetta hasn't said one word about you. And as for the very beautiful young lady in the Plaza --

HENRY
Darling, I can easily explain.

MARTHA
I know you can - you're a master at that.

HENRY
(putting it on even thicker)
All right - I'm fighting a losing battle. I don't love you - I never loved you - I love everybody in New York more than you.

MARTHA
There you go again.

Suddenly this scene is interrupted by a distant church bell striking twelve. There is a pause. Both are looking at each other.

MARTHA
(in a different mood)
It's the twenty-fifth of October. Many happy returns.

HENRY
(walking over to Martha; genuinely)
Thank you, Martha. But it's something much more important than my birthday. It's our anniversary. Ten years ago today I was almost as much in love with you as I am right now.

MARTHA
(softly)
It's very difficult for a woman to send her husband away on their tenth anniversary - especially when he speaks as beautifully as you do... But I must do it.

(CONTINUED)

106 (Cont. 3)

HENRY
All right, darling - I know it's all over. I am sure you'll find someone else who will really be worthy of you. But can't we pretend for just one minute?
(takes out of his pocket a bracelet and hands it to Martha; anticipating great success)
Happy anniversary!

Martha looks at the bracelet quietly.

HENRY
(continuing)
Do you like it?

MARTHA
(reacting in a surprising manner - without emotion)
I would say it cost ten thousand dollars. For that money it's a very good purchase.

HENRY
(puzzled and hurt)
Martha - what makes you talk like that?

MARTHA
If you'd only forgotten to give me this bracelet, I probably would have been foolish enough to be in your arms right now. You've no idea what a mistake you made. The magician played one trick too many.
(goes to night table, opens her purse, takes out a bill)
The other day I was having a new photograph made of Jackie and me, and I wanted to have it the right size to fit into your wallet. So I slipped into your room -- This is what fell out of your wallet.
(hands him bill)

107 INSERT OF TIFFANY BILL OF THAT PERIOD

May 2	1 bracelet delivered	$ 500.00
May 21	1 bracelet delivered	10,000.00

812

108 SHOT OF MARTHA AND HENRY

MARTHA
And I don't remember having received any bracelet from you on or about May 2nd.

HENRY
(with a false air of great relief)
Oh - so that's what it's all about!
(laughs)
To think you had to go through all this only because the jeweler made a mistake - that's what the whole thing is - a mistake. I never bought this five hundred dollar bracelet.

MARTHA
Has Tiffany ever made a mistake on any of our bills before?

HENRY
(taking the offensive again)
So you don't believe me?
(goes to telephone-takes out a little book)
Get me long distance.
(to Martha - as he looks in book)
It's easier for you to believe that I lied than that the jeweler made a mistake! Oh, what is our marriage coming to?
(into phone)
Give me New York City, Gramercy 5678 - it's a personal call to Mr. Tiffany from Mr. Henry Van Cleve.
(to Martha)
Oh, darling, I love you. You're the most beautiful, adorable thing in the world. And do you really believe there is any woman good enough to win me away from you? And if there were such a woman - do you think she'd be only worth a five hundred dollar bracelet?
(into phone)

(CONTINUED)

108 (Cont.)

HENRY (Cont.)
Hello - hello, Mr. Tiffany? This is Henry Van Cleve. Sorry to wake you up, but this is very important. Now listen carefully. I'm sitting here with my wife - she's right next to me - we're having a little friendly discussion. Do you remember that ten thousand dollar bracelet I bought for her?... There is a five hundred dollar bracelet on the same bill. Now I tried to explain to her that I never bought a five hundred dollar bracelet - that it's a mistake on your part - and she won't believe me. Now, I want you to tell her the truth.

MARTHA
(into phone)
It won't work, Mr. Tiffany - goodbye.
(she takes the phone from Henry's hand and hangs it up)

HENRY
Now, why did you have to offend Mr. Tiffany?

MARTHA
Henry - this may surprise you - but I just don't believe a word of it.

GRANDFATHER
(suddenly steps out from behind a screen)
I don't believe it either!

MARTHA
(hardly believing her eyes)
Grandpa!

She rushes to him, they kiss each other. After they come out of the embrace:

GRANDFATHER
Martha - my darling! Now come on - let's get started - let's pack.

MARTHA
What do you mean?

(CONTINUED)

108 (Cont. 1)

GRANDFATHER
Well, naturally, you're going back with us to New York.
(to Henry)
What are you standing there for? You're doing a pretty bad job. Come on - sweep her off her feet - otherwise we'll miss the next train.

HENRY
If I can't make her happy, then I don't want her to come back.

GRANDFATHER
(knowing that this is Henry's new approach)
That's better!

HENRY
No - I mean it seriously.

GRANDFATHER
That's why it's good.

HENRY
Now, Martha, let's face it - you want a divorce?

MARTHA
I see no other way.

Grandfather now having great confidence in Henry begins busily packing Martha's things.

HENRY
What about Jackie?

MARTHA
Naturally, I want him.

HENRY
I think you're right - the boy should get away from me.

MARTHA
Oh, I didn't mean it that way --

HENRY
But I did. I adore that boy - and therefore I think he shouldn't be with me.

MARTHA
Well, I don't think a child should be deprived of his father.

(CONTINUED)

108 (Cont. 2)

HENRY
Do you want him to turn into another Henry Van Cleve - and on his thirty-fifth birthday make his wife as unhappy as I've made you?

GRANDFATHER
(walking back and forth between Martha and Henry and putting her things in her suitcase)
Now, where are the rest of your things, Martha?

MARTHA
(without realizing that she has already made up her mind)
In the closet, grandpa.

HENRY
(knowing that he's on the right track)
For instance, do you know what our little Jackie did the other day?

MARTHA
What?

HENRY
He bought ice cream for a little girl.

MARTHA
What's wrong about that? I think it's charming.

HENRY
But the girl he bought the ice cream for was not the girl he should have bought it for.

MARTHA
(highly amused and proud of the little rascal)
It wasn't?

HENRY
No.

MARTHA
(beaming)
The little devil!

(CONTINUED)

108 (Cont. 3)

HENRY
And when the one little girl found out that the other girl - well, that boy got himself in such a mess --

MARTHA
Oh, if I could only have been there!

GRANDFATHER
Shall I pack the coat?

MARTHA
No, it's getting chilly outside.

HENRY
Well, you should have seen our little Jackie trying to get out of that situation.

MARTHA
Did he?

HENRY
The little girl likes him better than before!

MARTHA
Good! What a child!

HENRY
But let me tell you, he's a problem.

MARTHA
I suppose so - but when he comes and makes up his little stories, and you know they are just little stories, but he wants you to believe them so badly that you wish you could, and finally - well, what can you do?

Suddenly she realizes that she has given her forgiveness and her blessing to Henry. Henry and Martha look at each other. Grandfather looks up. He takes Martha's hand and shakes it.

GRANDFATHER
Happy anniversary!

MARTHA
I'm still too confused - I have to collect myself.

HENRY
Give her a little time to think it over, grandpa.

(CONTINUED)

108 (Cont. 4)

GRANDFATHER
She can do it on the train.

MARTHA
What am I going to say to my parents?

GRANDFATHER
Send them a telegram.

MARTHA
You mean sneak out of the house in the middle of the night--?

HENRY
Exactly.

MARTHA
Like burglars?

HENRY
(romantically)
Yes - like thieves.

MARTHA
We did it once before --

HENRY
Why shouldn't we do it again? How many people are lucky enough to have the thrill of eloping twice in one marriage?

GRANDFATHER
(like a cheer-leader)
That's it - that's it!

HENRY
How many women love their husbands enough so they're willing to forgive them and take them back and start all over again --

GRANDFATHER
Good - good!

HENRY
And how many husbands love their wives enough so they're willing to lie and say they're guilty when they really have done nothing wrong--

GRANDFATHER
Careful, Henry!

(CONTINUED)

108 (Cont. 5)

HENRY
At least nothing that amounts to very much.

GRANDFATHER
Don't go into it any further! We'd better get started - I'll see if the coast is clear.

Grandfather goes quickly out of the room.

CUT TO:

109 UPPER HALLWAY

Grandfather sneaks out of Martha's bedroom and looks around to see if everything is clear.

GRANDFATHER
(whispering)
Jasper! Jasper! Everything ready?

Jasper comes up.

JASPER
Yassuh - right out in front.

GRANDFATHER
(peeling money off his roll)
Jasper, all my life I wanted to run away with a woman - and Jasper - it's happening! Here -
(hands him money)

JASPER
Thank you, Mistuh Van Cleve!

Jasper goes quickly out of scene. Grandfather opens bedroom door.

GRANDFATHER
All right - come on.

Martha and Henry come out of bedroom, Henry carrying Martha's suitcase. CAMERA PANS with them as they sneak downstairs. Just as they reach the lower hall, we hear Strabel's voice.

MR. STRABEL'S VOICE
What it amounts to is - can I combine the Eastern and Western beef kingdoms.

CUT TO:

110 LOWER HALL - IN FRONT OF LIVING ROOM DOOR

Mr. Strabel and Albert have just come out, and when they see the three people at the foot of the stairs, they are turned to stone.

111 LONG SHOT - WHOLE GROUP

MARTHA
(after a little pause)
Father, - I wish I knew how to tell you --

Before she can finish, Henry grabs her, lifts her off the floor, and with the help of grandfather, carries her out the front door.

It takes Albert and Strabel a moment to recover, and they rush toward the front door.

112 CLOSE SHOT - FRONT DOOR - STRABEL MANSION - FROM OUTSIDE

Albert and Mr. Strabel come out, run a few steps toward the road, stopping just next to the "MABEL" monument.

113 CARRIAGE - FROM STRABEL'S AND ALBERT'S VIEW

The carriage, making a fast exit toward the road, Henry driving, Martha next to him, and in the back seat, grandpa. Just before they reach the gate, grandpa turns around toward Albert and Mr. Strabel.

GRANDFATHER
And so farewell, dear E.F.Strabel.
We take Martha - you keep Mabel.
Yahooooooo!

114 CLOSEUP - ALBERT AND MR. STRABEL

Never in their lives have they looked more foolish as they stand beside Mable.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

115 BIRTHDAY CAKE

with lots of candles which are being blown out by someone out of the picture.

QUICK DISSOLVE TO:

116 MORE BIRTHDAY CAKES

each of them having more candles, always being blown out by someone out of the picture. Finally, we

DISSOLVE TO:

117 A BIG BIRTHDAY CAKE

with more candles than ever before. Again Henry, apparently, tries to blow out the candles, but succeeds only in blowing out some of them. During this scene, we hear Henry's voice:

HENRY'S VOICE
Then one birthday began following another - faster and faster. Each year there were more and more candles and less and less phhht.
(SOUND of blowing)

DISSOLVE TO:

118 INTO HENRY'S HAND

opening a telegram. We read the following:

CONGRATULATIONS - YOU ARE FORTY-FIVE TODAY AND THIS NEED NOT DEPRESS YOU IF YOU VISIT DOCTOR EMANUEL SCHRAMPS HEALTH EMPORIUM STOP BE GENTLE TO YOUR ARTERIES AND THEY WON'T HARDEN UP ON YOU

SIGNED: DR. EMANUEL SCHRAMPS, PRES.

Henry's hand tears up the telegram.

CUT TO:

119 WASTEBASKET

We see this and other telegrams being thrown in. During this scene,

HENRY'S VOICE
Yes, I became forty-five - then came forty-six, forty seven - and I stopped counting. On one of these birthdays --

DISSOLVE TO:

120 SIGN OF THE ZIEGFELD FOLLIES

which

DISSOLVES INTO:

121 STAGE PRODUCTION OF ZIEGFELD FOLLIES SHOW

During this scene:

HENRY'S VOICE
(continuing)
-- Martha and I - just the two of us - went to the Follies. And at the end of the first act, we saw coming down this staircase a very attractive girl --

ON THE STAGE, we SEE a typical staircase of a Ziegfeld production. The CAMERA MOVES UP to Peggy Nash who is coming down and FOLLOWS her down the staircase and off from the stage. Peggy Nash is one of the most beautiful showgirls of the Follies. She exhibits a most beautiful costume, walks down the stairs and parades from one side of the stage to the other, with the usual showgirl allure. During this scene:

HENRY'S VOICE (continuing)
-- To me, she was just another attractive girl, but I must admit - attractive. Anyway, a few weeks later, I happened to find out that her name was Peggy Nash and I happened to hear things about her which made me very eager to meet Miss Nash.

DISSOLVE TO:

122 A VERY LUXURIOUS PARK AVENUE APARTMENT

in good showgirl taste. A colored maid opens the door.

MAID
Will you come in, Mr. Jones? Miss Nash will be with you in a minute.

Mr. Jones enters, and he is none other than our Henry. The maid leaves the room. Henry has aged considerably. He has also gained considerable in weight. As a matter of fact, he has a little stomach. He is elegantly dressed but with a slight touch of the correctness which is no longer observed by the younger generation.

He looks around the room as he obviously has not been in this kind of an atmostphere for quite sometime.

Miss Nash comes into the room. She is dressed to kill.

(CONTINUED)

122 (Cont.)

PEGGY
(putting on all her poise)
How do you do, Mr. Jones.

HENRY
How do you do, Miss Nash.

PEGGY
Thank you so much for those beautiful, beautiful roses.

HENRY
When I saw you the other night at the Follies, coming down that stairway, I said to myself --

PEGGY
That's the girl of my dreams.

HENRY
That's right. You see, Miss Nash --

PEGGY
Call me Peggy.

HENRY
This is delightful. Hello, Peggy...

PEGGY
Hello, Jonesy.

Henry is a little bit thrown off balance by the speed of this new generation.

PEGGY
Well, Jonesy - let me tell you, the note that came with your flowers --

HENRY
You liked it?

PEGGY
Who wouldn't? That note was so full of charm. It was so sweet - it had all the quaintness of bygone days.

HENRY
(unflattered)
Really!

(CONTINUED)

122 (Cont.1)

PEGGY
Yes. You know - men don't write that way any more. Oh, why are there so few of you left?

HENRY
(a little hurt, but trying to be as charming as possible)
Miss Nash, to tell you the truth - I didn't exactly come up here to be admired as a museum piece.

PEGGY
Now Jonesy - don't be touchy.

HENRY
Anyway, Miss Nash --

PEGGY
Peggy.

HENRY
Anyway, Peggy - I am sure it's a waste of time to talk about the past when the present can be so lovely that one anticipates a most delightful future.

PEGGY
Oh, thank you, Jonesy. What a difference! You know, the moment you meet somebody of today, he says - how about it, babe - where do we have supper? And the next moment he pulls out a diamond bracelet and before you know it there it is on your wrist. Oh, how crude - how crude!

HENRY
(getting the hint)
Yes, very crude! And let me tell you - a bracelet presented hastily is usually selected hastily. But a bracelet chosen with care --

PEGGY
Has better stones?

HENRY
The very best.

(CONTINUED)

122 (Cont.2)

PEGGY
Oh, Jonesy, it all sounds so wonderful - but how could I explain such a gift to --

HENRY
To whom?

She walks over to a table and stops in front of a photograph on the table. She looks at the picture.

HENRY
(walking over to her)
Oh - friend of yours?

PEGGY
Very much so.

HENRY
Serious?

PEGGY
I'm afraid it is.

HENRY
Is there anything I could do to make you forget this young man?

PEGGY
Jonesy, you're asking a lot. Just look at him.

HENRY
He seems very young.

PEGGY
Not too young.

HENRY
Is it indiscreet to ask who this young man is?

PEGGY
Now come on, Mr. Van Cleve - don't you know your own son?

Henry feels completely at a loss.

(CONTINUED)

122 (Cont.3)

PEGGY
(continuing)
No, I didn't fall into your trap. You know, Mr. Van Cleve, girls are awfully smart these days. It must be rather sad for the great cavalier of the Gay Nineties to find that his technique is getting rusty. Yes - I've heard all about the daring Henry. I understand in my mother's day you were - and I'm sure you had - a very dashing figure. And now you are a kind of retired Casanova -
(that kills Henry)
-- it's always the same with men when they retire - some grow flowers - and some grow a tummy.

HENRY
(pulling himself together and deciding to ignore her remarks, sincerely)
Miss Nash, my son means very much to me.

PEGGY
(challenging)
He means very much to me, too.

HENRY
How much?

PEGGY
Oh yes - that's right! Of course! In your day, girls used to wait for the old-fashioned father to come with a big check book to pay off.

HENRY
I'm sure that happened.

PEGGY
Well, that's one thing that hasn't changed.

HENRY
How much?

PEGGY
Well - how much would it be worth to you never to see me coming down the staircase in your home?

(CONTINUED)

122 (Cont.4)

HENRY
Shall we say five thousand?

PEGGY
Five thousand! Jonesy - you're underestimating me - I'm much worse than that. To get rid of someone as terrible as me is worth - well, I'll make you a bargain - twenty-five thousand dollars.

Henry sees there is nothing else to do.

HENRY
I'll send you the money.

PEGGY
Before lunch?

HENRY
Before lunch. Well, goodbye, Miss Nash.

PEGGY
You've been perfectly charming.

HENRY
And so have you.

PEGGY
And you hope never to see me again?

HENRY
(laughs)
Goodbye.
(starts to leave - turns back at door)
Miss Nash, now that our problem has been solved - I would like to ask just one slight question - not that it matters, but I'm curious and I would appreciate an honest answer.

PEGGY
I give you my word.

HENRY
Suppose you didn't know I was Jack's father and you happened to see me on the street or in a restaurant - this is just an academic question - how old would you say I am?

(CONTINUED)

122 (Cont.5)

PEGGY
Well - I would say about fifty.

HENRY
(disappointed)
That old?

PEGGY
Oh, I'm sorry - I didn't mean to hurt you.

HENRY
No, no - that's perfectly all right. Thank you very much.

PEGGY
Excuse me - but - how old are you?

HENRY
Fifty.
(exits)

FADE OUT

FADE IN

123 LIBRARY -VAN CLEVE HOUSE

The same evening - after dinner atmosphere. The furniture has been slightly altered. Henry is sitting in a comfortable arm chair, Martha is sitting on the sofa. Both are reading. It is a typical domestic idyll of long married people. Martha looks up from her book, goes over to Henry, takes his glasses out of his handkerchief pocket, puts them on him.

MARTHA
No wonder you get those headaches.

HENRY
(kisses her hand as she passes him)
Thank you, darling.

Martha goes back to the sofa and continues to read her novel.

HENRY
(gets up)
Martha - this is going to be a bit unpleasant. I've tried to keep it from you for some time, but now I think I'd better tell you.

MARTHA
(apparently used to Henry's big problems)
I know - you don't love me any more.

HENRY
Now, darling! Don't try to be funny. It's about Jack.

MARTHA
(who turned out to be a much more modern parent than Henry)
Now, will you please stop worrying about Jack. If he wants to stay out late - what of it? If he's ever going to have some fun - now's the time - don't spoil it.

HENRY
Martha, this is serious - very, very serious. I happened to learn that the boy got into the clutches of a certain girl - and I went to a lot of trouble - believe me, it wasn't easy - but I managed to find out who the girl was.

(CONTINUED)

123 (Cont.)

MARTHA
(casually)
You mean Peggy Nash?

HENRY
(flabbergasted)
Where did you - how did you know?

MARTHA
(nonchalantly)
Oh, I forget - but someone told me - you go to lunch and you hear things.

HENRY
(exasperated)
Why didn't you tell me? How can you be so placid about a thing like this?

MARTHA
(motherly)
Darling, why should I excite you? I know you so well - certain little things get you all worked up, then you don't sleep - then you have to take a pill - then you don't want to take a pill - believe me, Henry, the less attention you pay to them - really these things work themselves out.

HENRY
(trying to be superior)
Oh, Martha - that's one of your greatest charms. After almost twenty-five years in New York, you're still the innocent little girl from Kansas. But fortunately, I've had experience with showgirls - and it's the father's function to save his son from the mistakes he made. If we ignore matters like this - do you know how our boy will end up?

MARTHA
Just like you - with a girl like me.

HENRY
(embraces her)
No, darling - never. Where would he find anybody like you? He couldn't - he won't be that lucky.

(CONTINUED)

123 (Cont. 1)

MARTHA
(touched)
Aren't you sweet!

HENRY
I have no illusions about myself. Martha, if I hadn't met you I hate to think where I'd be right now.

MARTHA
Well - probably outside a stage door - or even inside the dressing room - and having a wonderful time.

HENRY
Now Martha!

MARTHA
Give me a kiss and don't worry about it any more.

They kiss again, then both sit down and read.

HENRY
(feeling pretty silly about the whole thing)
I just want to get your viewpoint. Do you think it would be a bad idea - just to be safe - if I look up the girl and --

MARTHA
And what?

HENRY
(getting up again)
Well, maybe - just to avoid complications, ask her to leave the boy alone - and if necessary buy her off.

MARTHA
(getting up)
Henry - don't even consider anything as foolish as that.

HENRY
All right, all right - it was only a thought. If you want me to, I'll drop it.

MARTHA
Good. How much did you pay the girl?

(CONTINUED)

123 (Cont. 2)

HENRY
What do you mean?

MARTHA
Don't I know my Henry and his innocent eyes? When you ask me, "Martha, do you think an extra piece of cake might hurt me?" I know you already have indigestion.

Knock on the door.

HENRY
Come in.

A new butler, called JAMES enters.

JAMES
I beg your pardon, sir - you told me to let you know when Mr. Jack arrives. He just came in.

HENRY
Thank you.

The butler leaves the room. Henry looks at his watch. Martha doesn't pay much attention to him, continues reading.

HENRY
See, Martha - he's home early for the first time in weeks. I'll tell you why - he went to the theatre as usual and she gave him his walking papers.

MARTHA
And the poor boy is probably all upset.

HENRY
I hope he is. Don't you baby him, Martha - don't you spoil what I did. Sweetheart, have a little confidence in me when it comes to matters like this. I didn't give this five thousand dollars away like that!

MARTHA
(getting up - outraged)
Five thousand dollars!

(CONTINUED)

123 (Cont. 3)

HENRY
(getting scared)
I know it's a lot of money - but it's worth it, believe me. Martha - our boy was in danger of marrying that girl and you might have had Miss Peggy Nash of the Follies for a daughter-in-law.

MARTHA
(trying to see his point)
Well, I don't know - maybe you did the right thing.

HENRY
I know I did. Sure, he'll suffer. It won't hurt him a bit. A little pain now will pay big dividends later.

Jack enters. He is about 22 or 23. A goodlooking young man. Instead of being depressed he seems to be in the highest spirits.

JACK
Hello!

MARTHA
Hello, Jack.

He kisses his mother.

JACK
Hello, father.

HENRY
(trying to be very smooth in playing detective with Jack)
How are you, Jack?

JACK
(smilingly)
Fine.

HENRY
You look a little depressed.

JACK
(surprised)
Me? I never felt better in my life.

HENRY
Good.

(CONTINUED)

123 (Cont. 4)

JACK
And how are you, father?

HENRY
I'm fine.

JACK
Are you in a good mood?

HENRY
Yes.

JACK
No troubles - stock market, stomach - everything okay?

HENRY
Yes - fine.

JACK
In other words, you're feeling fine?

HENRY
(a little bewildered)
Certainly.

JACK
Good - that suits me.

HENRY
Why? What's it all about?

JACK
Well, after all - I want you to feel well - you're my father - and I like you. And besides that, I could use a hundred dollars.

HENRY
A hundred dollars!
(trying to find out what has developed in the meantime -)
What for?

JACK
Well - I just want to throw a little party tonight - take someone out.

HENRY
(trying to be nonchalant)
I see --

(CONTINUED)

123 (Cont. 5)

MARTHA
(trying to help Henry out)
Tell me - whom do you go around with these days?

HENRY
(now a super-detective)
Now, Martha - that's Jack's personal life and we shouldn't pry into it. Here's your hundred dollars.

JACK
Thanks, father.

HENRY
And have a good time.

As Jack starts to walk out.

HENRY
(continuing)
And I'm not interested in whom you're going to take out. I'm sure she's all right.

Martha chuckles.

HENRY
(continuing)
Anyway, it's none of our business whether it's Mary Jones, Helen Smith, Mitzi Glutz, or Peggy Nash --

JACK
(stopping - surprised)
Peggy Nash? Father, what is this? Are you trailing me? Where did you ever hear that name?

HENRY
(playing innocence)
I don't know. Martha, where did we hear that name?

MARTHA
(getting fed up with Henry's game)
I don't know - and don't ask me.

HENRY
Well, one has friends - one goes out to lunch. Isn't she a Follies girl who is famous for coming down a staircase.

(CONTINUED)

123 (Cont. 6)

JACK
(ironically)
That's the girl. And the vague rumors which you've probably heard about her and me --

HENRY
Are true?

JACK
Look - we're all grown up, aren't we?

HENRY
(expecting a confession)
Why certainly.

JACK
Well - I had a crush on her.

HENRY
And why not?
(to Martha)
Why shouldn't he?

MARTHA
I don't know - and don't ask me.

HENRY
I understand she's a very attractive girl.

JACK
She is - and I took her pretty seriously.

HENRY
(looks at Martha triumphantly)
Oh, you did, eh?

JACK
Yes, very. And then, after a little time --

HENRY
(with anticipation)
Yes?

JACK
I got tired of her.

HENRY
(let down)
Oh - you did?

(CONTINUED)

123 (Cont. 7)

JACK
So then I faced the problem of how to get rid of her. You know, things like that aren't easy, father.

HENRY
(up again - to Martha)
I should say not.

MARTHA
Don't ask me.

HENRY
I didn't ask you - I merely made a statement. Go on, Jack.

JACK
Well, anyhow - this afternoon I made up my mind and I went to her. I said to myself I must get this over with. I was expecting a big scene --

HENRY
(eagerly)
Naturally.

JACK
But, after all, what could she do to me - I hadn't promised her anything.

MARTHA
(gives Henry a look)
You hadn't?

Henry is let down again.

JACK
I should say not. I wasn't the first romance in her life - I'm no baby.

HENRY
(fighting hard)
But nevertheless you went to her expecting a lot of trouble?

JACK
Yes. But, to my surprise, she was so big about the whole thing - and let me off so easily -

HENRY
(up again)
She did, eh?
(to Martha)
Isn't that fortunate?

(CONTINUED)

123 (Cont. 8)

JACK
Yes - she was so wonderful about the whole thing - that I pretty nearly fell for her again.

Henry is now completely down - Martha has to hold back her laughter.

JACK
But it's all over now and I'm glad of it.

MARTHA
And so am I.

HENRY
(with relief)
And so am I. As a matter of fact, I never was happier in my life. And since we are on the subject, Jack, I think you're getting to the age where you should start to look around for a really nice girl.

JACK
I don't have to look around - I met her already.

HENRY
You did?

JACK
A wonderful girl - the most wonderful girl I ever met in my life.

HENRY
Really? Well, isn't that nice.

MARTHA
(with motherly interest)
How did you meet her, dear?

JACK
Bill Harrison introduced me to her about a week ago.

HENRY
Oh, young Harrison!

MARTHA
Tell me, who is the young lady? Is she someone I might know - a New York girl, perhaps?

(CONTINUED)

123 (Cont. 9)

JACK
No - She comes from Philadelphia.

MARTHA
(impressed)
Oh, from Philadelphia.

HENRY
Somehow, Philadelphia always sounds right to me - doesn't it, Martha?

MARTHA
Yes, it does. Tell us who she is?

HENRY
Yes - why don't you?

JACK
(after a moment's pause)
Well - have you been to Earl Carroll's Vanities?

Henry and Martha are dumbfounded.

HENRY
You mean this girl comes down a staircase, too!

JACK
(proudly)
I should say not! Not this girl! This one slides down the bannisters and falls right in the orchestra and lands - bang - right on the big drum. Oh, you'll be crazy about her. Well, see you tomorrow. Have to run along.

He exits.

124 CLOSE SHOT - MARTHA AND HENRY

HENRY
(completely defeated)
What's the matter with that boy?

MARTHA
He's young, Henry - that's all. Come dear, It's time to go to bed.

They walk toward the door.

125 INT. HALLWAY WITH STAIRCASE

During this scene Martha and Henry walk through the hall and up the stairs.

HENRY
You know, I feel like a fool. I paid thousands of dollars to make it easy for the boy to get away from a girl who comes down a staircase - to throw him right into the arms of a girl who lands in a big drum.

At this moment they are halfway up the staircase. From above, Jack, fully dressed, comes rushing down the stairs, two at a time, the picture of a dashing young man out for a big night.

JACK
(as he passes them)
So long.

Both Henry and Martha look after him. Martha with motherly pride. Henry, a little bewildered and maybe a little bit jealous. Martha realizes what Henry must be feeling. She looks at him lovingly and gives him a little kiss.

MARTHA
(smilingly)
Where does he get it from?

Henry, flattered, brightens up. They proceed up the stairs.

MARTHA
I can imagine you running down the same stairs - years ago - and probably taking two steps at a time.

HENRY
(a little uncom-
fortable because
again reminded
of his age)
Oh, Martha - please.

MARTHA
(misunderstanding
his discomfort)
Don't misunderstand me, darling, I'm glad you did. Only a man who was once a fast runner can appreciate later a leisurely stroll.

Martha shouldn't have said that.

(CONTINUED)

125 (Cont.)

HENRY
Martha, you talk as if we were a hundred years old.

MARTHA
Well, I know I'm not a little girl any more - and why not admit it? I'm forty-five and why should I deny it?

HENRY
Well, you don't look it, darling.

MARTHA
Now, Henry - let's not be childish. I look forty-five and you look --
(short pause - with a smile)
-- forty-nine.

Henry grunts a little, but still is not happy that the subject of his age has been brought up. They are now entering Martha's bedroom.

126 MARTHA'S BEDROOM

Henry and Martha enter. Martha starts to get undressed.

HENRY
(really worried)
Martha, I want to ask you something - and don't spare my feelings - be absolutely frank.

MARTHA
I always am.

HENRY
If you didn't know me and you saw me for the first time, on the street - or in a restaurant - Martha, do you think I'm getting a little heavy?

Martha stops her undressing, walks over to him and comforts him with great sweetness, but without meaning to she is giving him the final blow about his age, in a day which was full of such blows.

(CONTINUED)

126 (Cont.)

MARTHA
Don't let that worry you. As a matter of fact, I like it. Let me tell you something - nearly fifteen years ago, when you and grandfather brought me back from Kansas, I still didn't feel that you really belonged to me - and only to me. I can't put my finger on anything definite - but still whenever I wasn't with you, I was always uncertain and nervous about my little Casanova. And then one day I noticed that you began to have a little - well, just a little tummy. Then I knew I was safe. From that moment on, I knew you were really mine - that you had settled down.
(kissing him)
Now go to bed, darling, you've had a hard day - and don't read until two in the morning.

HENRY
(a defeated man)
All right, Martha.

As he reaches the door -

MARTHA
And Henry --

HENRY
Yes?

MARTHA
No more cigars - you've had three already.

HENRY
All right, Martha. Goodnight.

MARTHA
Goodnight, dear.

Henry goes into his bedroom.

127 HENRY'S BEDROOM

Henry enters; closes the door behind him. He takes off his coat and looks into the mirror. No doubt, he has a stomach. Can't be helped. He tries to touch the floor without bending his knees, but to his great dismay his fingertips don't reach the floor. Henry is a very unhappy man.

DISSOLVE:

128 HALL - LONG SHOT

The lights are all turned out. The door to Henry's bedroom opens and Henry sneaks out of the house like a little boy on tiptoes. He is fully dressed in evening clothes.

129 STREET IN FRONT OF THE VAN CLEVE HOUSE

Henry comes out the door; walks up to a taxi.

TAXI DRIVER
Yes, sir?

HENRY
(trying to recapture his old playboy air)
Take me to the Cafe de la Lune.

TAXI DRIVER
Cafe de la what?

HENRY
De la Lune. It's downtown - a little off Seventh Avenue.

TAXI DRIVER
Oh - you mean that French place down below 14th Street?

HENRY
That's it.

TAXI DRIVER
Gee, Mister - that place has been closed for at least five years.

HENRY
(losing his sureness)
Oh, that's too bad.

TAXI DRIVER
Are you a stranger here in town?

HENRY
(with sad irony)
Well - er - yes, I am.

TAXI DRIVER
Listen, Mister, I know just the place to make your circulation go up.

He takes out a card and hands it to Henry. Henry reads it.

(CONTINUED)

129 (Cont.)

TAXI DRIVER
Last night I took a big potato man from Idaho there.

HENRY
(not exactly flattered at being compared with an Idaho potato man)
Oh, you did, eh?

TAXI DRIVER
And believe me, those potato men are pretty spoiled.

HENRY
I'm sure.

TAXI DRIVER
Take my word for it, Mister - you won't be disappointed.

HENRY
Well, thank you very much. Maybe some other time.
(gives tip)

TAXI DRIVER
Thank you.

HENRY
Goodnight.

TAXI DRIVER
Goodnight.

Henry walks sadly back toward the house. His adventure into New York's night life has failed. Henry enters the house, closes the door very softly. CAMERA moves with him as he tiptoes upstairs. He is pretty careful to avoid any noise when he passes Martha's bedroom door. Just as he passes the door we hear, from inside, Martha's voice.

MARTHA
Did you have a good time, dear?

Henry stops and looks toward Martha's bedroom, startled, as we

FADE OUT

FADE IN

130 LIVING ROOM

A large number of beautiful presents are laid out on a table. In the center of the table is a decoration piece, with flowers in the middle, with the number "25."

HENRY'S VOICE
Yes, we were married twenty-five years. We were celebrating our silver wedding anniversary.

DISSOLVE TO:

131 LONG SHOT OF THE HALL

It is the night of the twenty-fifth anniversary. In the background we see the guests dancing in the living room. Henry comes out of the living room and looks around.

132 MED. SHOT OF HENRY

as he is walking around the hall. The butler comes from the opposite direction, with a tray, headed for the dining room.

HENRY
(to butler)
Have you seen Mrs. Van Cleve?

BUTLER
No, sir. I've been in the kitchen.

Henry starts upstairs and meets Jack coming down.

HENRY
Is your mother upstairs?

JACK
No, I haven't seen her.

CAMERA moves with Henry as he goes across the hall toward the library.

133 MED. SHOT - LIBRARY

Henry enters and discovers Martha sitting in an armchair. Martha doesn't seem to feel quite well, but pulls herself together the moment Henry enters. Henry walks toward her, worried.

HENRY
Darling, what are you doing here all alone?

(CONTINUED)

133 (Cont.)

MARTHA
(trying her best
not to worry him)
Nothing. I just wanted to take a little rest. After all, it's been such an exciting evening.

HENRY
Nothing wrong, is there?

MARTHA
No, nothing, dear.

HENRY
Are you sure?

MARTHA
Yes, dear.

HENRY
Martha, you're feeling all right, aren't you?

MARTHA
Of course, darling. I'm just --

HENRY
Just what?

MARTHA
To tell you the truth, I'm being a little sentimental, and so I came in here for a few minutes.

Some moments pass. Henry recaptures the mood of twenty-five years ago.

HENRY
(with great feeling)
Yes, this is where it all started.

MARTHA
(getting up)
Twenty-five years ago.

HENRY
I was standing there by the window.

MARTHA
(trying to be gay)
No, you were sitting in the chair.

HENRY
That's right. And then you came in. <u>You</u> went over to the window -

(CONTINUED)

133 (Cont.1)

MARTHA
Then suddenly you started walking toward me - very slowly ... very slowly. I could count every step.

HENRY
(in the happiest mood)
Oh, you were such a frightened little girl! And the closer I came, the more frightened you were.

MARTHA
Darling -- I want to make a confession. After all, we've been married twenty-five years --

HENRY
(a little worried)
What is it, Martha?

MARTHA
I wasn't frightened at all.

HENRY
You weren't?

MARTHA
Not at all. And when you were walking toward me so very slowly, do you know what was in my mind? I thought: what's the matter with him -- can't he walk faster?

Henry looks at her for a moment and takes her in his arms and kisses her just like twenty-five years ago. As they come out of the embrace:

MARTHA
And then I ran into the hall --

HENRY
(with a twinkle in his eyes)
But you came back.

MARTHA
Only because I had to sneeze.

The door is opened by the butler.

BUTLER
(in rather discreet tone)
Madame, you're wanted on the telephone.

(CONTINUED)

133 (Cont.2)

MARTHA
(trying to hide her nervousness - into phone)
Hello? Yes, I called you. Well, it's really not important. Yes -- everything is all right now. I'll call you soon. All right - tomorrow.
(she puts the receiver down)

HENRY
(a little curious)
Who was that?

MARTHA
Oh, nothing special. Let's go back to our guests, shall we?

HENRY
(more curious)
Darling, who was that on the phone?

MARTHA
I'll tell you all about it some other time.

HENRY
Why not now?

MARTHA
Sweetheart, our guests must be wondering where we are.

HENRY
(puzzled)
Now, Martha, who was it?

MARTHA
(trying to laugh it off)
All right, I'll tell you. This is another confession... my lover.

HENRY
I don't think that's funny at all.

MARTHA
(with a bright smile)
Are you jealous?

(CONTINUED)

133 (Cont.3)

HENRY
Don't be silly, Martha -- but why can't you tell your husband whom you talked to over the telephone? And besides - I wouldn't have brought it up right now, but just the same - for the last several weeks you've been going out in the afternoons, and you always managed to avoid telling me where you were.

MARTHA
You are jealous! Henry! At last - after twenty-five years! Thank you, darling.

HENRY
(irritated)
Martha - whom did you talk to?

MARTHA
Darling, don't be a baby. What dashing young cavalier would be pursuing me?

HENRY
Plenty. You're still very attractive, and you know it.

MARTHA
(puts her arm around him)
Henry, I don't think you realize how sweet you're being at this moment. No husband could have said anything lovelier to his wife on their twenty-fifth anniversary. Imagine - if, twenty-five years ago I hadn't sneezed, I wouldn't be the happiest woman in the world right now.

HENRY
(deeply touched)
Are you?

MARTHA
(also deeply moved)
Yes, Henry.

He takes her in his arms and caresses her. After a little while -

HENRY
Now -- who was it?

(CONTINUED)

133 (Cont.4)

MARTHA
I'll tell you tomorrow.
(she wants to go)

HENRY
(boyish)
I'm not going to leave this room until you tell me.
(he sits down)

MARTHA
(sitting close to him)
Well, knowing my obstinate little boy -- you promise to be sensible and not make a mountain out of a molehill?

HENRY
I promise. Now --

MARTHA
Well, you know how women are. We have too much time on our hands, and we begin to imagine things are wrong with us -- and I'm no exception. So I've been going to a doctor -- that's all.

HENRY
(with great relief, laughing, going toward door)
Darling, I certainly feel like a fool. Now I must make a confession. I really was jealous. Imagine a man of my age married to such a lovely woman -- and -- well, let's forget it.
(opens the door; suddenly he stops, rather alarmed)
Martha, what did you see the doctor for? What's wrong?

MARTHA
Nothing -- really.

HENRY
So that's why you came in here -- you weren't feeling well. Darling, is it serious?

(CONTINUED)

133 (Cont.5)

MARTHA
I tell you it's nothing at all -- just a little dizzy spell. Now you promised to be sensible.
(we hear an orchestra in the living room playing a waltz)
Come - let's dance.

HENRY
What did the doctor say?

MARTHA
Listen, dear -- if I take five drops three times a day and if you don't worry too much about me -- we'll both live to celebrate our golden anniversary. Now -- let's dance.

Henry takes her into his arms and dances out into the hall.

134 HALL

They are dancing alone in the hall. Martha forces herself to gayety. Henry looks at her with deep concern. He pulls Martha close to him as they continue to dance and holds her tight in his arms. As CAMERA PULLS AWAY from them to a LONG SHOT:

HENRY'S VOICE
I didn't know it then, but this was our last anniversary. It was the last time we danced together. There were only a few more months left for Martha, and she made them the happiest of our lives together.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

135 THE NUMBER "60"

which is engraved on a folder. CAMERA PULLS BACK, disclosing the whole size of the folder and we see at the bottom of the folder the date of Henry's birthday also engraved. Henry's hand opens the folder and we see that it contains a large typical group picture of the guests who attended Henry's sixtieth birthday party.

During the commentation we show CLOSE SHOTS of Cousin William, Cousin John and Aunt Minnie. After the CLOSE SHOTS we go back to a LONG SHOT of the picture. Henry's hand closes the folder, takes it off the table and locks it in a drawer.

HENRY'S VOICE
Sixty -- yes, sixty. Not fifty-seven, not fifty-eight, not fifty-nine, not fifty-nine and a half -- no, I was sixty. Jack insisted on celebrating. And here are my relatives who came to make this birthday an occasion of riotous gayety. Cousin William, seventy-three - Cousin John, seventy-eight - and Aunt Minnie, who admitted to eighty-four. The total age of this scintillating assemblage was over fourteen hundred years. I believe Jack gave this party on purpose - to remind me that I was contributing sixty years to that fourteen hundred.

DISSOLVE TO:

136 ENTRANCE OF VAN CLEVE HOUSE

The furniture is about the same as it was ten years ago with perhaps one or two slight alterations. James, still the butler of the Van Cleve's, lets Miss Ralston, the middle-aged secretary, into the house.

MISS RALSTON
Good morning.

BUTLER
Good morning, Miss Ralston.

MISS RALSTON
Is Mr. Van Cleve down already?

BUTLER
He's having his breakfast.

She goes into the dining room where Jack is having breakfast.

137 DINING ROOM

MISS RALSTON
Good morning, Mr. Van Cleve.

JACK
Good morning, Miss Ralston. I am sorry I got you up so early, but I want those two letters to leave on the nine-thirty plane.

MISS RALSTON
Yes, Mr. Van Cleve.

He signs letters.

JACK
And when you get back to the office, will you please see that I get a complete domestic report from every department before noon, because I may have to go to Chicago.

MISS RALSTON
Very well. Now - there's one little thing - it's - well, a letter came from your father addressed to the Board of Directors --

JACK
(annoyed)
Is he trying to go over my head again?

MISS RALSTON
Oh, I'm sure he doesn't mean it that way.

JACK
What does he want? We live together in the same house and then he writes letters to the Board of Directors! Well, what's the old gentleman trying to put over this time?

MISS RALSTON
He wants the Board of Directors to vote him a bonus.

JACK
A bonus! He hasn't worked - why he doesn't even know where our new offices are!

(CONTINUED)

137 (Cont.)

MISS RALSTON
He talked to me yesterday confidentially. In case that bonus doesn't go through, he wanted me to persuade you to give him at least an advance on his monthly check.

JACK
He shouldn't go to you.

MISS RALSTON
But --

JACK
Well...I'm going to give him a lesson. Take a letter. He wrote to the Board - I'll answer him.
(dictating)
"Father--"
(to Miss Ralston)
Make it "Dear Father."
(dictating)
"If you are in need of more money, why do you go over my head? Why don't you come to me and tell me as father to son that you want some more money so I can tell you as son to father that you won't get it. Furthermore, I would like you to know--"

CUT TO:

138 HALLWAY AT FRONT DOOR

Henry comes sneaking in, wearing evening clothes. He is now sixty and looks sixty - however, he has lost his tummy and looks rather haggard. As he comes closer to the dining room door we hear -

JACK'S VOICE
And Miss Ralston - from now on if my father ever talks to you again, tell him that he ought to be ashamed of himself - and that you are in no position to deliver any messages.

Henry is scared to death.

MISS RALSTON'S VOICE
Yes, Mr. Van Cleve.

Miss Ralston comes out. As she passes Henry -

(CONTINUED)

138 (Cont.)

MISS RALSTON
Why, Mr. --

HENRY
Shhhh!
(whispering)
Is he in a bad mood?

MISS RALSTON
Terrible!

HENRY
Now look here, Miss Ralston -
would you do me a very great favor?

JACK'S VOICE
Father!

Henry looks around and sees Jack standing in the doorway of the dining room. Miss Ralston walks out. Jacks enters the hallway.

HENRY
Oh - good morning, Jack.

JACK
I'd like to talk to you, father
(goes into library)

Henry hesitates.

JACK'S VOICE
(brusquely)
Father!

Henry exits into dining room.

139 LIBRARY

Henry enters, trying to pass the situation off lightly.

HENRY
Jack, I heard a very funny joke -
you'll love it - it'll start your
day off with a laugh.

JACK
(severely - assuming
the part of father
to his son)
You should be ashamed - coming home
at all hours - making a wreck of
yourself. How long do you think
you can keep this up?

(CONTINUED)

139 (Cont.)

HENRY
(like a little boy)
Please, Jack - don't scold me.

JACK
(with feeling)
Some day you're going to collapse.

HENRY
(worried)
Do I look bad?

JACK
You look like a ghost.

HENRY
(playing on the heart strings)
I know you're right, Jack - I shouldn't be living this kind of life. But, my boy, put yourself in my place. I'm lonesome. You're always away somewhere on business. And being alone in this big house night after night - you don't know what it's like.

JACK
Neither do you - because you're never at home.

HENRY
But I can imagine what it's like - and Jack, it's horrible. I want to have a talk with you. I'm not fooling myself - I'm not getting any younger, and I think the time has come to change my way of living.

JACK
That makes sense, Father -- now what are you driving at, you old fox?

HENRY
Jack -- don't be harsh -- I've been a lonely widower for almost ten years.

JACK
Who is she?

HENRY
(trying to be naive)
Who?

(CONTINUED)

139 (Cont. 1)

JACK
(knowing his father)
The girl you want to marry.

HENRY
Who said anything about getting married? That's the last thing I was thinking of. And listen, Jack -- I know how you feel.
(trying to find out left-handedly)
If I came in with a pretty young blonde the way so many men of my age do -- and they do it, Jack -- anyway, you would be outraged, wouldn't you?

JACK
I certainly would.

HENRY
And you're right, my boy. No, no -- what I had in mind was something entirely different. You know, Jack, when a man gets to be sixty, the blood doesn't flow as fast anymore. Instead of a wild mountain stream, it becomes a quiet little brook. The other day when I was all alone in the house, you know what I felt like doing?

JACK
(suspicious)
What?

HENRY
Jack, I felt like sitting down in a comfortable chair - and read and read and read.

JACK
Well, why didn't you? The library is full of books, and I'm sure you haven't read one of them.

HENRY
Jack, my eyes can't take it any more.

JACK
Why don't you go to an oculist?

(CONTINUED)

139 (Cont.2)

HENRY
(cornered)
That might do - yes, yes. On the other hand, what do you thing of the idea of -- well -- of some kind of a reader -- you know, someone with a pleasant voice and nice diction...

JACK
(on to his father)
I know just what you want. You mean one of those nice quiet fellows from Yale or Harvard. They're easy to get. Now -- who is she?

HENRY
You have the most suspicious mind.

JACK
Come on -- how old is she?

HENRY
Well, she is an unusually adult young woman. I met her at old Wilson Weatherby's house. She was his reader.

JACK
She was what?

HENRY
Yes, and she was very efficient. Old man Weatherby was well pleased with her.

JACK
Just exactly what did she do?

HENRY
What <u>does</u> a reader do??

JACK
I don't know.

HENRY
She reads.

JACK
Well, I don't know. The whole thing sounds a little fishy...

(CONTINUED)

139 (Cont. 3)

HENRY
Now, Jack, why do you want to deprive your old father of a little cultural pleasure --
(takes book from shelf, but doesn't look at it)
I can think of nothing more dignified and homelike than sitting in front of the fireplace and having someone read a fine book to me --
(he starts to read the title of the book, but on account of his weak eyes it takes a little time)
something worth-while - something which --

He stops suddenly, looking at the book. It is "The Bride's Guide." The lettering has faded. He starts to go out. Jack stops him.

140 CLOSE SHOT OF HENRY AND JACK

Henry's mood has suddenly changed. Martha has spoken to him. Jack walks close to him and looks at the book. Henry puts the book quietly back onto the shelf. He realizes the impossibility of bringing this young girl into the house where he has lived with Martha. He sits quietly down in a chair. Jack, also deeply touched, sits next to his father. He becomes really the father, and Henry the son.

JACK
Father, her last thought was that you should be happy. I promised her that I would see to it. So if you want this young lady to read to you -- go ahead, with my blessing.

Henry looks at him with a sad smile, pats his hand gratefully.

HENRY
I wouldn't do it. When a man gets to be sixty, his life --

JACK
Is not over, father. It doesn't have to be over. If a man is lonely and he feels he needs -- well --

(CONTINUED)

140 (Cont.)

HENRY
(with a very little gleam in his eye)
You mean the feminine touch?

JACK
That's natural. But I think he should find someone closer to his own age.

HENRY
Maybe.

JACK
Not a girl of --

HENRY
(confessing)
Twenty-four.

JACK
(delicately)
That would be a little out of preparation.

HENRY
(convinced, but sad)
I'm afraid so.

JACK
But if, for instance, he should meet a cultured woman --

HENRY
Right. With some real dignity--

JACK
A woman, say, of about fifty -- or fifty-one --

HENRY
Or fifty-three - or fifty-five - or even fifty-seven.

JACK
That's more like it.

HENRY
(after a moment's thought)
Jack, my future looks pretty depressing.

He leans back in his chair and closes his eyes - his head in his hands. The butler comes in.

140 (Cont. 1)

BUTLER
Mr. Van Cleve, you are wanted on the telephone.

Henry, his eyes still closed, hasn't even noticed the butler. Jack goes to phone.

JACK
(into phone)
Hello.
(puzzled)
What? Just a moment.
(goes over to his father)
It's for you, poochie.

Henry is embarrassed. He gets up and walks very nervously toward the telephone.

HENRY
(into phone - in a very meek voice)
Hello.

DISSOLVE TO:

141 CLOSE SHOT - NEWSPAPER INSERT

girl lying on a couch in a very smart negligee, holding a book in her hand. The picture discloses her legs, the whole position in which we find her is very luring. As the CAMERA PULLS BACK we read:

READER'S CONTRACT SETTLED FOR HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS

FADE OUT

FADE IN

142 HENRY'S BATHROOM

The CAMERA MOVES TOWARD the medicine cabinet.

HENRY'S VOICE
As a man grows older, his medicine cabinet grows bigger.

Henry's hand opens the medicine chest. We see it filled with bottles and bottles.

HENRY'S VOICE
This is me at 70.

DISSOLVE TO:

143 HENRY'S BEDROOM - EVENING

Henry, now 70, is sick in bed, but in very gay spirits. The nurse has her back to the CAMERA, the doctor is just listening to the stethoscope to Henry's heartbeats. Jack and his wife, Jane, sit by the bed. They are dressed in evening clothes.

HENRY
Well, what do you hear?

DOCTOR
Shhhh!

HENRY
I bet it sounds like an old phonograph record with a crack in it.

DOCTOR
Shhhh!

JANE
Now, father - please.

DOCTOR
(who has finished his examination)
There's nothing to worry about. All you need is plenty of rest and no excitement. No smoking, naturally.

HENRY
(ironically)
Naturally.

(CONTINUED)

143 (Cont.)

DOCTOR
Of course, you'll have to eat carefully.

HENRY
Of course.

DOCTOR
Very little meat, no fancy sauces and - it's understood - no champagne, wine, whiskey - all that is out of the question. And I repeat - no excitement.

HENRY
No excitement.

DOCTOR
You stick to that and you'll live to be a hundred.

JACK
Now, father - no foolishness behind my back.

JANE
Goodnight, darling.

HENRY
Goodnight, dear.

They walk out and as they reach the door -

HENRY
And doctor - promise me one thing - if after living thirty years like that I still should be alive at a hundred - bury me anyway.

144 UPPER LANDING IN FRONT OF HENRY'S BEDROOM

The doctor, Jack and Jane come out, close the door. As they walk toward the staircase.

DOCTOR
Now, really - there's nothing to worry about. But Mrs. Van Cleve - please --

JANE
I know - but it was his seventieth birthday yesterday and I didn't have the heart to keep him from celebrating a little.

(CONTINUED)

144 (Cont.)

JACK
I hate to go to that banquet and leave the old man alone.

JANE
I'd just as soon stay home.

DOCTOR
No, no - it's perfectly all right for you to go. The fewer people around him, the better off he'll be.

DISSOLVE TO:

145 HENRY'S BEDROOM

Henry is asleep. The nurse is sitting close to his bed with her back to the CAMERA. She takes a thermometer, taps Henry's hand gently. Henry, apparently in a dream, smiles brightly and pats her hand.

NURSE
Now, Mr. Van Cleve - I'm sorry to wake you up, but it has to be done.

146 CLOSEUP OF HENRY

Henry comes out of the dream still smiling. Suddenly he wakes up.

147 CLOSEUP OF NURSE

We see her for the first time. She is a very unattractive woman with eyeglasses.

148 CLOSE SHOT OF NURSE AND HENRY

The sight of the nurse has Henry completely awakened. He is grouchy.

HENRY
(coming out of dream)
Huh?

NURSE
Now open your mouth - please.

Now she tries to put the thermometer in his mouth.

(During the entire scene the nurse tries several times to put the thermometer in his mouth, but Henry always fights her off.)

(CONTINUED)

148 (Cont.)

HENRY
Go away. Leave me alone. What was that dream about? Oh, I was having such a good time.

NURSE
Just open your mouth.

HENRY
(to himself)
What was it about? Oh, yes - the door opened and a man stepped out of a rowboat and he said, "Henry, I'm going to take you on a trip from which you'll never come back."

NURSE
Now, please - don't get excited.

HENRY
I said, "My good fellow, if I ever take a trip like that, it'll be in a deluxe cabin and not in a dinky little rowboat that doesn't even have a bar." So I threw him out - rowboat and all.

NURSE
(trying to put the thermometer in his mouth)
Good - good.

HENRY
So what do you think he did? He came back with a big luxury liner, floating on an ocean of whiskey and soda, and instead of funnels there were big black cigars. And on top of the bar in a lifeboat sat the most beautiful blonde dressed in a Merry Widow costume. She dived into the whiskey and swam right over to my bedside. Henry, she said, how about a little dance - and suddenly that man from the boat took an accordion out of his pocket and he played that Merry Widow Waltz -- and that girl held her arms out to me and started to dance. Well, with him playing and her dancing and me up to my neck in whiskey anyhow - well, I put my arms around that beautiful girl and was just about to dance with her when, of all people, you cut in - you, yes, you!

(CONTINUED)

148 (Cont. 1)

NURSE
Just open your mouth.

HENRY
(really angry)
Oh, go away and take that thermometer with you. Let me sleep - let me dream -
(as he falls asleep again)
Oh, I feel so dry - let me get back into that ocean.

There is a knock at the bedroom door. As the nurse goes toward the door,

CUT TO:

149 CLOSE SHOT AT THE DOOR

The nurse opens the door softly. James is at the door.

JAMES
The night nurse just arrived.

James walks out of the picture. The nurse picks up her handbag and leaves the room.

150 UPPER HALL - CLOSE SHOT IN FRONT OF HENRY'S BEDROOM DOOR

The nurse comes out and closes the door gently. CAMERA PANS with her as she walks toward the staircase. Just as she reaches the staircase the night nurse comes upstairs. She is the most beautiful blonde one can imagine. As they pass each other -

DAY NURSE
Good evening.

NIGHT NURSE
Hello.

DAY NURSE
Second door to the right. (Or whatever set indicates)

NIGHT NURSE
Thank you.

The CAMERA PANS with the night nurse as she proceeds towards Henry's bedroom door. She stops at the mirror for a second and fixes herself up, then goes into the bedroom and closes the door behind her. The CAMERA STAYS OUTSIDE. After a little while we hear the Merry Widow Waltz being played on an accordion. The CAMERA PULLS BACK from the door, TILTS DOWN to lower hall and GOES SLOWLY DOWN and apparently right through the floor, as we,

DISSOLVE:

151 HIS EXCELLENCY'S OFFICE

HENRY
I had fallen asleep again - and suddenly I was awakened by a caressing touch on my forehead. I opened my eyes - and there she was - sitting on the edge of my bed - Nellie Brown, registered nurse. Your Excellency, one look at her and it didn't matter whether she was registered or not. And then Nellie took out a thermometer, and she said, "Open your mouth." Who wouldn't for Nellie? Then she put the thermometer in and my temperature went up to a hundred and ten. Who could ask for a more beautiful death?
(pause)
Well, Your Excellency, that's the story of my life -
(he gets up)
- and now I'd be grateful if you would push that button and have it over with.

EXCELLENCY
(gets up)
No - definitely no. I hope you will not consider me inhospitable if I say - sorry, Mr. Van Cleve, but we don't cater to your class of people. Please make your reservations somewhere else.

HENRY
Somewhere else? But, Your Excellency, if I walk into the lobby of the other place --

EXCELLENCY
You mean above?

HENRY
Yes. I know what will happen. The man behind the desk will say, "Can't you read the sign?"- and there it'll be right up on the wall: "Clientele Restricted."

(CONTINUED)

151 (Cont.)

EXCELLENCY
Well, you never can tell - it's worth trying. Sometimes they have a small room vacant in the Annex - not exactly on the sunny side, not so very comfortable - the bed may be hard, and you might have to wait a few hundred years until they move you into the Main Building. It all depends on how your story appeals to the Man Behind The Desk.

HENRY
I don't think they'll even let me register. The doorman might not even let me in.

EXCELLENCY
Well, it doesn't hurt to try.
(as he walks with him toward a little private hall adjoining the office where there is a private elevator)
After all, they may inquire about you among the residents in the Main Building, and I think you'll find a lot of people who will give you a good reference - and that always helps.
(by now they have reached the elevator and stopped)
For instance, there were several young ladies --

HENRY
(not sure if they are in his favor)
Yes - what about them?

EXCELLENCY
Well, some of them might be there, and so far as I can see, you've made them all very happy. I'm sure they'd like to see you happy, too. And your grandfather --

HENRY
(with feeling)
Oh, yes - grandfather.

(CONTINUED)

151 (Cont. 1)

EXCELLENCY
Don't you think he'll be waiting for you?

HENRY
He might.

EXCELLENCY
He will - and not with a base-ball bat. And there must be many old waiters from Sherry's and Delmonico's whom you tipped generously. And those old cab drivers who still remember that you never waited for the change. Yes, I wouldn't be surprised if you have a lot of friends up there. And if they all should fail - there's someone else.

HENRY
(deeply touched)
Yes, she is up there.

EXCELLENCY
And she will plead for you.

HENRY
(fighting back his tears)
Do you think so?

EXCELLENCY
You know she will. Mr. Van Cleve, I would say you have a chance.
(presses elevator button)
Anyway it's worth trying.

The elevator door is opened by the elevator boy. He is dressed in the style of the place.

EXCELLENCY
Goodbye.

HENRY
Goodbye, Your Excellency - and thank you.

Henry steps into the elevator.

(CONTINUED)

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EXCELLENCY
Good luck!

HENRY
I'll need it.

ELEVATOR BOY
Down?

EXCELLENCY
No - up.

As the door closes we

FADE OUT

T H E E N D

...V-